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Book P 64

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THE EIGHT YEARS OF THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

1775	1776	1777	1778	1779	1780	1781	1782
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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. SHOWING THE TIME AND PLACE OF EACH EVENT:

with a list of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, arranged in the limits of the THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES they represented.

Gen. Montgomery killed
Dec. 31

1775

Arnold's march
through the wilderness

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Arnold's march
through the wilderness

Action at Lexington April 19.

Falmouth burnt Oct. 1

MASSACHUSETTS

Battle of Bunker Hill June 17.
Cambridge

RHODE ISLAND

CONNECTICUT

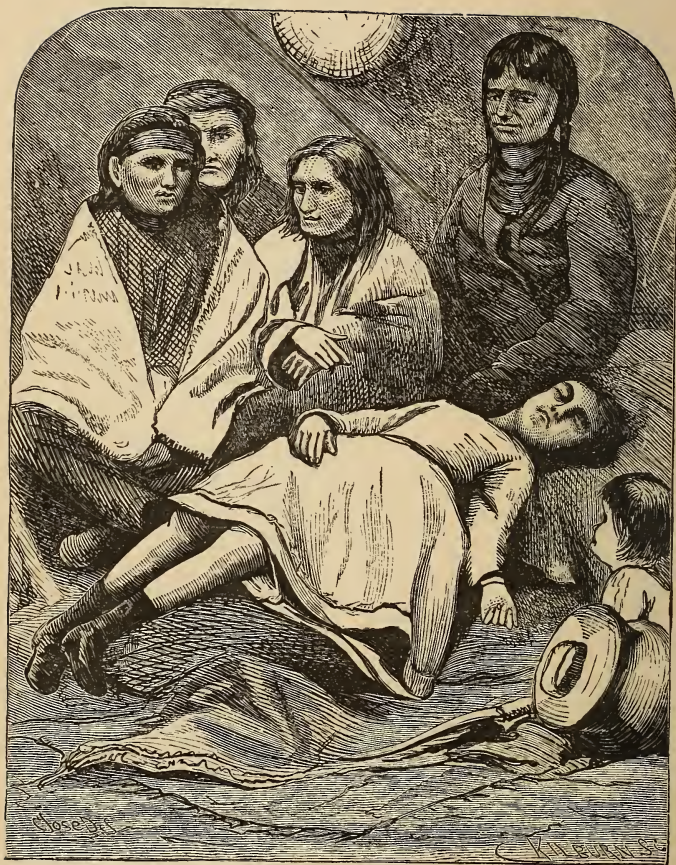
NEW YORK

Ticonderoga taken
by Col. Allen May 10

Chief
Commander in
Chief
ton as

Fret
July

7
2



A CAPTIVE. FRONTISPIECE.

HISTORICALS

FOR

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

By ORO NOQUE.



Boston:

Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co.

1874.

REH

P R E F A C E.

The time will probably never come when the school histories of America shall be so crowded with valuable records that there will not be room for a sketch of the lives of Columbus and Washington. Still, there are many interesting biographies and incidents for which there is not space in those books for anything more than a passing notice. We are well aware that there are large historical works where all these subjects are thoroughly handled by abler pens than our own, but there are many readers who do not have access to such books. Our object has been to collect and arrange, in the form of a continuous narrative, an account of a few characters and events in so small a volume that it shall be within the means of all who wish to obtain more information on these topics than is given in works prepared only for study.

From various modern histories we have gleaned whatever we thought of interest in connection with our subjects. We have endeavored to be accurate in all our statements, and where there has been a difference of opinion in regard to any date or occurrence, have selected the oldest and most authentic record. The sad story of Andre the writer heard, when a child, from the lips of the then venerable Jabez H. Tomlinson, Esq., the officer of the guard who was with him the night before his execution. In a special manner our thanks are due to J. W. Barber, Esq., the engraver of the chart and illustrations in this book, for the useful knowledge acquired from his historical works.

We send forth these pages, hoping they may prove both interesting and instructive to the Young Folks, to whom they are affectionately dedicated.

ORC NOQUE.

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Historicals for the Young Folks.

I.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

One of the most wide-awake men, who landed in Virginia in 1607, was Capt. John Smith. From his boyhood he showed a roving nature, and seemed bent on some daring enterprise.

At the age of thirteen he intended to give up study and go to sea, but the death of his father placed him under the power of guardians who, in order to prevent it, apprenticed him to a merchant, and he was confined all day in a counting-house. After two years, Smith contrived to escape, and with only ten shillings in his pocket, which his friends had given him, as he says, "to get rid of him," he entered the train of a young nobleman and went to France. As his attendant, he visited Paris and many other cities, but when they arrived at Orleans, Lord Bertie dismissed him, with money sufficient to return to his home in Willoughby, England. Smith preferred to visit the Low Countries, where a war was then raging, and soon finding himself without money or friends, he joined the army.

For more than three years he lived a soldier's

life, until one, he considered a gentleman, persuaded him, with false promises, to go to Scotland. After his arrival, being again left to his own resources, he visited his native place. Not liking his relatives, he retired from society, built himself a booth in the woods with the boughs of trees, and spent his time in hunting, studying military tactics, and practicing with his horse and lance. When Smith was nineteen years of age, some of his father's estate, about which there had been a dispute, came into his possession. He started to travel about the world. On his way to France he became acquainted with a young man of pleasing manners, who pretended to be an Earl, but proved to be a rascal, for, with the aid of the shipmaster, he robbed him, and as soon as the vessel landed, made his escape. Smith, anxious to pursue his travels, sought for a situation on board a man-of-war. When looking about for a ship that would receive him, he accidentally met the thief who had stolen all his property. Without speaking they both drew their swords, the struggle for a few minutes was severe, but Smith at last disarmed and wounded his enemy, and obliged him to confess his guilt. After this adventure he traveled along the coast of France, until he reached Marseilles, where he sailed on a vessel with some pilgrims for Italy. During the voyage a violent storm arose, and then contrary winds; those on board thought it was because they had a heretic with them, so they served him, as in olden time some mariners in like circumstances did a passenger, only it was in anger, and without Smith's consent; they took him

up and cast him into the sea. Being a good swimmer, he soon reached the island of St. Mary, where he was taken on board a ship for Egypt. He went to Alexandria and spent a few days, then decided to return in the same vessel to Italy. The sailors spent some time in coasting like pirates in the Levant, Smith assisted them, and on leaving the crew received two thousand dollars as his portion of a rich prize they had taken during the trip.

He now traveled through Italy to Austria, which was then at war with Turkey. He entered the army as a volunteer, and, by means of his military knowledge and valor, he was soon promoted to the command of two hundred and fifty horsemen. During the tedious siege of Regal, a Turkish lord, named Turbisha, sent a challenge to the Austrian army, saying, that for the diversion of the ladies of the place, he would fight any single captain in the enemy's troops. The officers were all so anxious for the honor, they had to cast lots in order to decide who should be selected. The lot fell upon Smith. At the hour appointed, the combatants appeared in the field on horseback. It was an imposing spectacle. On the opposite sides were the soldiers of the opposing armies ; in front, the battlements of the town covered with spectators, among whom were ladies of the highest rank, all anxiously awaiting the result. The conflict was short but desperate, and soon Smith was seen carrying the head of his lifeless antagonist to his general. He received and accepted another challenge from a friend of Turbisha, who wished to avenge his death,

and he was again the victor. Smith now thought it his turn to propose. He sent a message, informing the Turkish ladies, if they wished for any more diversion of this kind, they were welcome to his head, if they had a champion who could take it. A haughty Turk, named Bonamalgro, accepted this challenge.

A multitude assembled to witness the encounter. The stillness of death seemed to rest on the crowd as the two warriors drew near to each other.

The Turk struck Smith so violently with his saber, that he fell to the ground, and many thought he was killed. The Turkish army began to rejoice, but Smith soon recovered himself, leaped upon his saddle and fought desperately, until this champion fell like the rest.

The prince of the province of Transylvania was so pleased with Smith's bravery, he granted him a pension of three hundred ducats a year, presented him with his picture set in gold, and conferred on him a coat-of-arms consisting of three Turks' heads in a shield. Sometime afterwards Smith was wounded in battle, and taken prisoner by a company of Turks and Tartars. As soon as his wounds were healed he was sold to a man who sent him to his wife in Constantinople for a servant. Smith was treated kindly by his mistress, and when he discovered that she could speak the Italian language, he gave her such an account of his life as won her interest and affection. She sent him to her brother to have him educated in the customs and religion of the Tartars. He was a cruel ruler, and instead

of teaching Smith, as his sister requested, made him a slave. He took away his clothes and dressed him in a rough garment, put an iron collar about his neck, and, at times, would beat him without mercy. One day, when Smith was threshing a long way from the house, his master came and treated him in such a cruel manner, his impatient spirit could bear it no longer, he struck him with his threshing instrument and he fell insensible to the ground. Seizing a bag of grain, Smith jumped upon the Tartar's horse and rode rapidly to the desert. He lived in secrecy a few days, until he had an opportunity to escape, one night, from the country. After traveling two weeks he met a Russian soldier, who treated him with kindness, and assisted him in reaching his friends in Austria. They supplied him with money, and again he started on his way. He traveled in Russia, Germany, France and Spain ; at last, returned to England, just at the time when all the people were interested in the settlement of America.

Smith joined an expedition to sail to Virginia, under Capt. Newport, and was appointed one of the council. During the voyage some of the officers became jealous of his superior abilities and influence, and unjustly kept him a close prisoner. When they landed, Smith demanded a fair trial, but it was not granted until the colony was in trouble, and in want of his assistance, then he was cleared of all the charges brought against him.

He was of an impetuous, but not revengeful spirit, and directly set himself to work to protect the colony.

The Indians were very troublesome. Some years before, Sir Richard Grenville and his crew had stopped there, and because they suspected an Indian of stealing a silver cup, they made an attack upon an Indian village, murdered some of the inhabitants, and burned the wigwams to the ground. This was the reason the settlers of Jamestown were not received as kindly by the Indians as those in other places. Smith built a fort for protection against them, then sought their acquaintance, and began to learn their language. When the colonists were in want of provision, he would obtain it from the Indians in various ways. Sometimes by coaxing, at other times buying it, giving small articles in the place of money. He was not always just, for at one time when they were in a very destitute condition, he made an excursion into the country, stole an Indian idol called Okee, which was made of skins and stuffed with moss, and carried it off. When the natives saw it in his possession, they offered to give him all the corn he wanted, if he would restore the image, for it was one they highly prized. In a few months Smith was made president of the colony, still he continued his expeditions. One day, when exploring a river, he left most of the crew in the boat, and with two Indians and two Englishmen, went on shore. They ventured too far into the country, and were pursued by a party of Indians, who killed two of their number with arrows. Smith bound his young Indian guide to his breast, and for some time kept the savages at bay. He killed three Indians and wounded others, but, in trying to escape to the

boat, he went into a swamp and sank to his waist in mud. Though in a half-frozen condition, not one of the two hundred Indians dare touch him until he laid down his musket. Then they carried him to a fire they had kindled, bound him and tied him to a tree, and were about to use him for a target, when Smith, being apt in resources, and well acquainted with the curiosity of the Indians, drew his ivory compass from his pocket and showed it to their leader. His attention was drawn to the motion of the needle and to the glass over it, which was a great mystery to him. Smith told him about the shape of the earth, "and how the sun did chase the night around about the world continually." His knowledge led the natives to look upon him with wonder and almost reverence. To increase this feeling, he told them, if they would go to a certain place in the forest, the next day, they would find some articles they wanted. At the same time he wrote a message on a strip of paper, and sent it by his guide to his friends, giving directions to have the articles all in the right place. The Indians, not understanding the writing, now looked upon Smith as a superior being.

Instead of killing, they carried him in triumph from one village to another, and at last to their chief Powhatan, who lived at Orapax. Here he was to remain a prisoner until a council of warriors could meet to decide his fate.

In the meantime, Smith busied himself in assisting the children of the chief in making their beads and baskets, and amusing them in various ways.

With his kind manner, he gained the affection of Powhatan's youngest daughter, and she was afterwards the means of saving his life, and of his being returned to Jamestown. Smith showed the Indian guides who were sent by the chief to accompany him to the settlement, every attention in his power. The morning before they left, he ordered a cannon to be loaded with shot, and fired into a tree covered with icicles, so as to impress them with its effect. The Indians were delighted, and wanted to purchase one, but found it too heavy to carry. Smith gave them a small grindstone, some knives and other articles, and they returned to their chief, well pleased with their journey. The colony had suffered so much from scarcity of provisions and disease, during the absence of their leader, their number was reduced to thirty-eight persons. These had decided to return to England. Smith was determined to prevent it. He coaxed and entreated, but all in vain; at last he resorted to force. When they began to descend the river, he turned the guns of the fort towards them and said he should fire unless they returned. They promised to remain for a few weeks longer. Within that time a ship arrived with a quantity of provision and one hundred and twenty emigrants. Thus, by the energy and perseverance of one man, a permanent settlement was made in Virginia. The next year the colony was afflicted with the gold fever. Some of the new comers were goldsmiths, and they found a shining substance on the banks of a small river, which they said was gold dust. Many of the colonists came to this country

to acquire wealth, and now they expected to make their fortunes. Smith tried to persuade some of them to cultivate the ground, but to no purpose. He says, "There was no thought, no discourse, no hope and no work, but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold and load gold." A vessel was at last filled and sent to England, and the gold dust proved to be minute particles of shining stone. Smith left them digging, and started off to explore. He went to the head of the Chesapeake Bay, discovered its large rivers, and gained much knowledge of the productions and inhabitants of the country. On his return, he was again elected president of the colony. In the year 1609, a company of five hundred emigrants, in nine ships, sailed for Virginia, with the good Lord Delaware, appointed governor for life. As he was not ready to sail with the fleet, Capt. Newport had command of the ships, and Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers were delegated to govern the colony until his arrival. A terrible storm separated the vessels, and the one containing the officers was driven upon the Bermuda Islands, where they had to remain for weeks. Some of the ships in which the most lawless characters embarked, arrived safely. These men soon created great disturbance in the settlement. They refused to work, and said Smith should not rule over them. It was well for the colony at this time that their president was a man of power. Smith promptly gave these men their choice to labor for six hours each day, or have nothing to eat. They were indignant that they should be compelled to work, and expressed their feelings

in very profane language. Smith ordered the oaths to be counted daily, and at night, as many cans of water poured into the sleeve of each as he had uttered oaths during the day. This severe but wise discipline soon restored the colony to its usual state of quiet and industry. In the autumn of the same year, Smith was wounded by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, and went to England for medical advice. In the spring of 1614, Capt. Smith sailed from London with two ships, and explored the coast from Maine to Cape Cod. He drew a map of the country, which, on his return, he presented to Prince Charles, with a glowing description, and the hint that so fine a country should not be without a name. The Prince decided to call it New England. In the year 1615, Captain Smith started again for the same coast, intending to form a settlement, but he was chased by the pirates several times, and at last taken by a French man-of-war. The crew was allowed to return to Plymouth with the vessel, but they held Capt. Smith as a prisoner. On board this ship he wrote an account of his voyage to New England, which was published the next year. When they stopped at Rochelle, Capt. Smith escaped from the ship and returned to London. The Plymouth Company made him admiral of New England for his important services.

The remainder of his life he spent in his native land. He devoted his time to writing and circulating several books about his adventures and discoveries. In one of those works, he says, "I have spent five years and more than five hundred pounds

in the service of Virginia and New England; yet, in neither of two countries have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor ever any content or satisfaction at all, and though I see, ordinarily, those two countries shared before me by them that neither have them nor know them but by my descriptions." Two of his most important books were reprinted in this country, in Richmond, in 1818.

Captain Smith deserves great credit for his efforts to establish permanent settlements in this country. He was a man who could gain, if he desired, great power over those with whom he associated, but being of an ardent, determined nature, and sometimes unyielding in his views, he made enemies who deprived him of his just reward. Capt. Smith died in London in 1651, in the fifty-second year of his age.

II.

POCAHONTAS.

This beautiful Indian girl was the youngest and favorite daughter of the powerful chief, Powhatan. She was about twelve years of age when Captain John Smith was taken by the Indians and kept by her father as a prisoner. Pocahontas was bright, active, intelligent, and very pleasing in her appearance. She soon became greatly interested in the white captive. Captain Smith encouraged her attention and friendship by treating her in a kind and considerate manner; very different from what females received from men in her own nation. He assisted her in her labors, and amused her at her plays. At first she looked upon him with reverence, but before the seven weeks of his captivity had passed, he gained a hold on her affections which lasted as long as life.

When the council of warriors met to try his case, they decided that a man of such courage and knowledge as Captain Smith was dangerous to the Indians, and his brains must be beaten out with a club. As he was a person of note, the honor of killing him was awarded to Powhatan.

When Pocahontas heard of the decision, she was filled with grief, and pleaded earnestly for his life, but all in vain. The day for the execution of the sen-

tence arrived. The family of the chief, with a large crowd of Indians, assembled to witness the cruel deed. Two stones were brought, and Captain Smith's head placed upon them. All hope of life for him had fled. Powhatan raised his arm to strike the fatal blow. At that instant, Pocahontas sprang forward, clasped the head of Smith in her arms, and laid her own upon it, so if the club fell, it must first fall upon herself. This brave act, with the piteous looks of the young girl, touched the stern heart of the chief, and, after a short consultation with his warriors, he decided to spare Captain Smith's life. In a few days he was allowed to return to the colony; when he arrived there he sent handsome presents to his deliverer and her father. The friendship of Pocahontas continued, and, "with her wild train, she visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation." When the colonists were in want of provision, she would go with her attendants and carry large baskets of corn, and relieve them in various ways. The English increased so rapidly, the Indians became jealous of their power, and, in the year 1609, formed a plan to make a sudden attack on the settlement, and kill every white person.

Pocahontas showed her attachment by going alone one dark and stormy night to Jamestown, and telling Captain Smith all she knew of the affair. He immediately took measures to put the colony in a state of defense. The Indians, seeing their design was discovered, gave up the project.

From this time, Pocahontas was suspected by some of her own tribe, of being in league with the

English. She was treated very unkindly by them, and even her father was influenced to withhold his affection from her.

On this account, in the year 1610, after Captain Smith had left the colony, she went on a visit to the family of the chief of the Potomacs. A Captain Argall, who was trading along the river, heard of it, and thought if he could secure her, Powhatan would not dare to trouble the colony. He talked with some of the Indians of the tribe, and with the bribe of a copper kettle, he induced them to bring her to visit the vessel. As soon as Pocahontas was safely on board, he sailed for Jamestown, and there he detained her until terms of peace could be made with her father. When Powhatan heard of this treacherous act, he was very angry, and determined to rescue her. Some historians state that he offered five hundred bushels of corn for her ransom, but, on as good authority, it is stated that he was preparing for war, and if she was not speedily released he intended to take her by force. Be that as it may, before any course was decided upon, negotiations of a different character were being made between Pocahontas and a young Englishman by the name of Rolfe. This settled the matter. Powhatan gave his consent to the union, and the marriage was celebrated with great ceremony in Jamestown, in April, 1613. The event led to a peace of many years' duration between the Indians and the English. Before Pocahontas was married, she embraced the Christian religion, and was baptized with the name of Rebecca.

In the year 1616, Pocahontas, in company with her husband and Sir Thomas Dale, visited England. She was introduced to the royal family as a princess, and rooms were offered her in the palace during her stay. Crowds followed her wherever she went, for she was an object of interest to all classes. Powhatan sent one of his warriors with her as reporter. He carried a long stick, and was to make a notch in it for every person he saw. He found it impossible to keep the record in this way. On his return, when questioned as to the number of persons he had seen, he replied, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, or the sands on the shore, for such is the number of the English."

When Pocahontas was in London, Captain Smith called upon her. She was very much surprised and affected. After the first salutation, she buried her face in her hands, and remained in that position without speaking for a long time. Then she conversed with him freely about the past, and frequently called him her father. For some reason, her husband and other friends had taught her to believe that Captain Smith was dead. This accounts for her strange conduct when first meeting him in England. The change of climate, and the excitement of her life, affected her health, and, as she was about to return to America, she died suddenly at the age of twenty-two years. She left an infant son named Thomas Rolfe, who was educated by an uncle in London. In after life he came to Virginia, and became a man of influence in the colony. He had several daughters, who inherited the large tracts

of land belonging to their grandmother. Hence, the descendants of Pocahontas soon ranked among the wealthiest families in the State of Virginia. It may not be out of place, in this connection, to relate an incident which occurred after an interval of more than a century, to one who was in the direct line of descent from the Indian princess. He was a planter of great wealth and good abilities, but very proud and aristocratic. He was a member of Congress at the same time with Roger Sherman of Connecticut, who, by hard study and his good judgment, had raised himself from a shoemaker's bench to fill the same office. The two men were engaged in discussing a very important question. The gentleman from Virginia, being unable to reply to the arguments of his opponent, answered with ridicule, and inquired what he did with his leather apron when he came to Congress. Quick as thought, Sherman replied, "Cut it up to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas!"

III.

MASSASOIT.

When the Puritans landed at Plymouth, before they left the vessel, they sent out explorers to see what they could discover. It was not long before some of them returned, bringing baskets of corn which they found buried in the sand, and said they had seen an Indian burying ground, with a fence around it, made of stakes driven into the earth. One day some of them wandered so far they could not return before dark, so they kindled a fire to keep off the wild beasts, and spent the night in the woods. In the morning, some arrows, pointed with bird's claws, fell among them, and they saw a party of Indians coming towards them, as if ready for an attack. They fired their guns, and the savages ran as if very much frightened, for at that time they believed the flash of the musket was lightning, and the report thunder. During the remainder of the winter, the men in the colony were all busily at work on the nineteen loghouses, which the one hundred and one, who came in the Mayflower, were to have for their homes. All this time they were on a lookout for Indians, but none appeared, until the sixteenth of March, when the people were greatly surprised by seeing a bold Indian marching alone through the village, shouting, "Welcome, English-

men! Welcome, Englishmen!" He said his name was Samoset, and that he learned to speak English of some fishermen who had visited the coast. He told them that a few years before a great plague swept over that region, and the men, women and children died so fast, there was not time to bury them. He said that the tribe, numbering many thousands, was reduced to a few hundred, leaving a large tract of land unoccupied. Then the Puritans thanked God that there was room for them in this New World. Samoset was treated so kindly that he came again in a few days, bringing with him his friend, named Squanto, who was very bright, and had seen a good deal of the world for an Indian. Six years before, he was carried off in a vessel by a Captain Hunt, and sold in Spain. He was then taken to London, and from that city returned to America. Squanto afterwards proved to be of great service to the colonists; he showed them about planting and gathering Indian corn, which they had never seen until they came to this country. He was always very friendly, and often acted as guide and interpreter for them. One pleasant spring morning, Squanto came into the village with the news that Massasoit, the great Indian chief, was on the hill opposite, with his brother and sixty warriors, and he wanted the English to send a man to talk with him.

At first, the colonists hesitated from fear; soon, Mr. Edward Winslow, a brave and very pleasant man, offered his services, and was accepted. He carried a present, consisting of two knives, a copper

chain, with a jewel in it, and some biscuits and butter, with which to treat the natives. Massasoit received him kindly, and appeared much pleased with the gifts. When Mr. Winslow told him the white men wanted to dwell in this country, and asked him to go and see the governor about it, he readily consented.

Before he started, however, he told Mr. Winslow he must remain in that place, with a party of his men as a hostage, to insure his safe return. Massasoit took the bows and arrows away from the twenty Indians who were to accompany him, and then started towards the village. Captain Miles Standish went out to meet him, with his military company, all dressed in their red coats, and some of them playing on drums and fifes. The music gave great delight to the Indians. They took dinner at the house of Governor Carver, and it is said that Massasoit ate very heartily, and drank a large draught of rum. After dinner, a treaty of peace was made with the chief, which was faithfully kept for more than fifty years. The next year, Governor Bradford, with consent of the colony, sent two men, with Squanto for their guide, to see how Massasoit was situated, and the strength of his forces. They also wanted to purchase some seed corn, and make an agreement with the Indians to sell the furs they had collected to persons in the colony, instead of disposing of them to the sailors who visited the coast. Governor Bradford sent Massasoit a red coat and a chain, with other presents. After traveling forty miles through the forest and over the hills, and

spending one night with the earth for a bed, the leaves for a blanket, and the sky for a covering, they at last arrived at the wigwam of the chief. Massasoit appeared very glad to see them; he put on his coat with help, placed the chain about his neck, and then strutted about as if very proud of his good looks! When the white men made known their errand, the chief called his counselors about him, who were all tall, finely-formed men. He then made a speech to them, in which he said, "Am not I, Massasoit, commander of this country around you? Is not such a town mine, and the people of it? Will you not bring your skins to the English?" In this way he named as many as thirty places, to every one of which they gave consent, and in a loud manner applauded the speaker. But when their chief was talking, they all gave the closest attention, and not even a whisper was heard. The Englishmen learned that Massasoit was the Sachem, or ruler of several tribes, and was held in great respect among the Indians. The next morning the three men started for home, with as much corn as they could carry, and in two days they arrived at Plymouth, where all rejoiced at the success of their journey.

In the spring of 1623, news came to the colony that Massasoit was sick, and probably near unto death. Mr. Winslow started directly for the residence of the chief. On his arrival, he found him lying on a bed made of planks, raised about a foot from the ground, and covered with mats and skins. He was very sick, and his head was so swollen that he was almost blind. When Massasoit heard that

Mr. Winslow had come, he stretched out his hand towards him and said in his broken English, "Art thou Winsnow? O, Winsnow! I shall never see thee more." Kind Mr. Winslow applied some remedy to the swelling which relieved the pain, gave him some medicine, and he recovered.

Massasoit then told him of a plot formed among some of the Indians against the whites, for he said, "Now I know the English love me." He assured them that the way to prevent war was to kill only the conspirators. His advice was followed, and it was this act which led the good old minister, Mr. Robinson, to write to the colonists, "O that you had converted some before you had killed any." In justice to the Indians, it should be stated that the year before, a party of men, sent from London by a Mr. Weston, landed at Plymouth, and were received very kindly, but in return, they stole the young corn in the fields, and treated the Indians so meanly that it led to this trouble. As all were *white men*, the natives very naturally considered all alike guilty. The Narragansetts were a powerful tribe of Indians, living farther to the south, in what is now the state of Rhode Island. They were the enemies of Massasoit, and he was often glad of the friendship of the English, as a protection against them. This enraged their chief, and he tried to make war with them. He sent Governor Bradford a bundle of arrows, tied around with a rattlesnake's skin. The Governor filled the skin with powder and ball, and sent it back to the Narragansett chief, and he heard no more of war from that tribe for a long time.

When Massasoit was an old man, he suffered, much from war with other tribes. The Mohegans under their bold leader, Uncas, made an attack in the year 1661, killed some of his Indians, and took many prisoners. They stole a great quantity of furs and other articles. The officers at Plymouth obliged them to return the prisoners, but did not obtain the goods. Massasoit lived only a few months after this event. He was succeeded by his oldest son, Alexander, or Wamsutta, who remained on friendly terms with the English.

IV.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

How a name clings to a person, or a people ! Columbus supposed when he landed at St. Salvador that it was a part of India, and called the natives Indians ; and until this day the name has been applied to the red men of this continent. The Indians consisted of many different tribes, with nearly the same general habits and manners. The men were tall and well-proportioned, with high cheek bones and coarse black hair. The women were short and clumsy, and rarely noted for their beauty. Their dwellings were very simple, sometimes consisting only of the boughs of trees fastened together ; but more frequently of huts or wigwams made of poles set firmly in the ground and bent together towards the top, and then covered with pieces of bark or the skins of animals. One tribe would often occupy two or three acres, building their wigwams very closely together, around an open place which they always left in the center, to be used for worship, business, and amusement. The village was often surrounded by a fence from ten to twelve feet in height, made of the trunks of young trees driven into the earth. One opening was left for an entrance, which was closed at night with brush or rough sticks. The Indians

lived mostly by hunting and fishing. They were very expert in the use of the bow and arrow ; a boy of sixteen would hit a mark no larger than a common penny, five times out of ten, at a distance of twelve or fourteen yards. Their bows were made of hickory, and were from three and a half to four feet in length, and so strong it required much strength and practice to use one. Their arrows were made of reeds and small sticks, pointed with birds' claws or sharp pieces of stone. In fishing they used hooks made of bone, and lines twisted from the wild hemp ; the women made fish nets of the same material. A rough spear was used in killing the large fish, which were sometimes driven on the shore. The Indians paid but little attention to cultivating the ground, and raised only corn and beans. They believed in the right of women to do all kinds of work. The squaws prepared the ground in the spring and planted the corn—in the autumn they gathered it, dried it in the sun, and then buried it in the earth until it was wanted for use. When they traveled from one place to another, the women carried all the baggage ; they cooked, took care of the children, and were expected to give them all the education they had, by remembering every important event in the history of the tribe. The men were naturally indolent, and thought only of their enjoyment at the present time, and lived almost entirely without anxiety for the future. After the settlement of this country by the English, an observing young Indian spent several months with them. On being questioned as to what he thought of civil-

ized life, he replied: "Rich white man just get ready to live, then he die: poor Indian live every day."

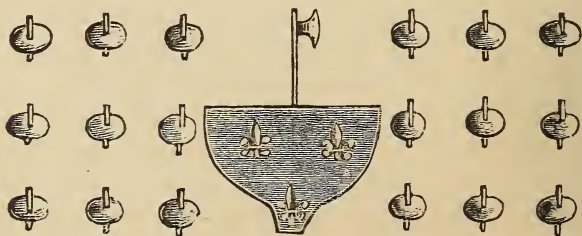
The Indian babies were of very light complexion, but they gradually grew dark as they increased in years, and when they were of age, their skin was a copper color. The baby, or papoose, was often strapped to a board or piece of wood, and set up around the wigwam when the mother was busy. Sometimes it was placed in a cradle of bark, which was fastened to the limb of a tree, to be rocked by the wind. No Indian child had any clothes to call his own until he was ten or twelve years of age. In warm climates he rambled about in nature's dress, without the least covering, and even in colder ones, his apron was of very small dimensions. The women had two garments—the under one was short and made of leather, ornamented with fringe; the outer garment was longer, and often laid aside. Both were fastened on at the waist with a belt. The Indians prepared the skins of wild beasts for use in a way that made them very soft and pliable. The men, in addition to the covering about the body, wore leggins of deer skins. Moccasins, or shoes of soft leather, were worn by both sexes. Sometimes the nobles had valuable robes of fur, which they wore about their shoulders in a graceful manner. The Indians were fond of gay colors. The women painted their skins and colored feathers with the juices of plants and berries. The men painted when they were going out to war, or when they wished to present a frightful appearance. Some Indians thought it a disgrace

to wear a beard, so plucked out the hair by the roots. All were very fond of ornament—the men wore long feathers fastened to their heads; the women bracelets of beads upon their wrists, and rings of bone, curiously wrought, not only in their ears but noses. Their utensils were all very plain and few in number. They consisted of wooden bowls and spoons, pails made of birch bark, mortars and small pipes of stone, and baskets of various sizes, capable of holding from a pint to four bushels. Their weapons of war were the bow and arrow, the war club, and the tomahawk or stone hatchet. The Indians made light canoes of bark, which they used in fishing; but larger ones for other purposes were constructed from the trunks of trees with great care. They at first set the tree on fire at the root, and covered the part they wished to preserve with water. When it fell, they burnt off the limbs in the same way, then with sharp shells and stones scraped out where it was charred, and finished it very neatly. The Long-Island Indians made the best canoes; they had one long enough to carry eighty men. The hatchet of the Indian was very different from the one brought by the English. It was not used for cutting at all, but was a kind of stone sledge, fastened to a rough stick, and it was of great service in warfare. Thus, to take up the hatchet was to make war; to bury the hatchet was to make peace. The first time the Dutch visited New York, or Manhattan Island, they gave the Indians some axes and hoes. The next year, when they returned, they found the Indians wearing

them, hanging from their necks for ornaments. The sailors placed handles in them, and by the means of signs, showed them their use. The Indians laughed heartily at their mistake. With their imperfect tools they accomplished some difficult work. Their money, or wampum, consisted of beads of various colors made from shells, the white from the conch, and the purple from the mussel shell. Six white beads, or three colored, were equal to a penny in value. They were cut very nicely, and had a hole in the center, so they could be strung, or sewed on to their garments for ornament. Very valuable belts were given when important treaties were made; sometimes they were thirty inches in length and four in width, made of strings of beads fastened together in a curious manner. Strings of wampum formed the currency of the Indians, for they had no coins. When a young Indian wished to marry, he carried a present to some female, and if she accepted it, they were considered engaged. After a short acquaintance, he led her to the chief of the tribe, and if he consented to the union, he joined the hands of the young pair, and they were husband and wife. Among the Indians a man was not limited as to the number of his wives, but with the exception of the chief, they seldom had more than one. The women were not allowed to have but one husband; when cruelly treated, a wife could run away if she wished, and join the enemies of the tribe, where she was sure of being kindly received.

The politeness of the Indians was equal to that

of some civilized nations. They never interrupted a speaker, even in common conversation. It was considered very impolite for strangers to enter a village without first giving notice of their approach. If in no other way, they were expected to stop and halloo until invited to enter. Two old men usually came out and led them in. There was in almost every Indian village an empty wigwam, called the stranger's house. Here they were placed, and food was carried to them to eat, and skins to recline upon. Not until they were rested did they enter into conversation. When the strangers left, no charge was made for entertainment. The Indians had no written language, but with signs or figures made on bark or trees, they pictured many an important event. The following is a copy of an Indian gazette, taken by a French officer from the American original, with an explanation. It relates to a party of Indians, who, soon after the settlement of this part of America, took up the hatchet in favor of the French, against a hostile tribe that adhered to the English. It was obtained by Mr. Thomas about the year 1770, and a copy of it is inserted in the second volume of his "History of Printing :"



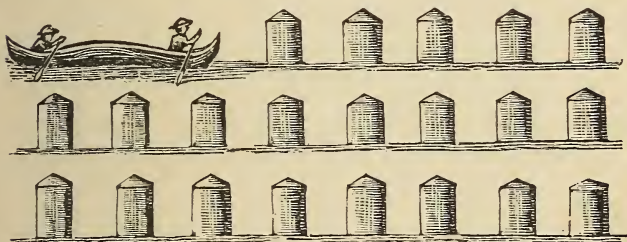
1. Each of these figures represents the number ten—they all signify



that 18 times 10, or 180 *American Indians* took up the hatchet or declared war in favor of the French, which is represented by the hatchet placed over the arms of France.



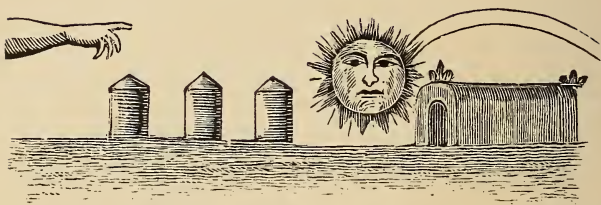
2. They departed from Montreal—represented by the bird just taking wing from the top of a mountain. The moon and the buck show the time to have been in the first quarter of the buck-moon, answering to July.



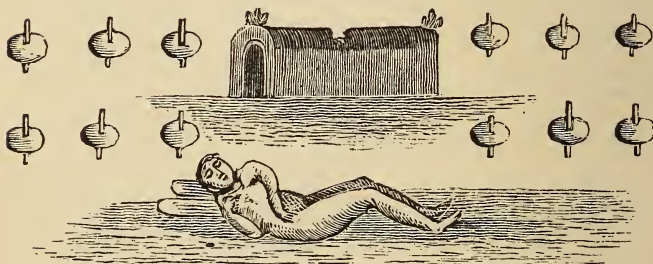
3. They went by water—signified by the canoe. The number of huts, such as they raise to pass the night in, shows they were 21 days on their passage.



4. They came on shore and traveled seven days by land—represented by the foot and seven huts.



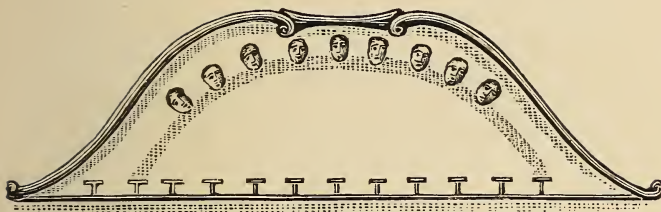
5. They arrived near the habitations of their enemies at sunrise—shown by the sun being to the eastward of them, beginning, as they think, its daily course; then they lay in wait three days—represented by the hand pointing and the three huts.



6. After which they surprised their enemies, in number 12 times 10, or 120. The man asleep shows how they surprised them, and the hole in the top of the building is supposed to signify that they broke into some of their habitations in that manner.



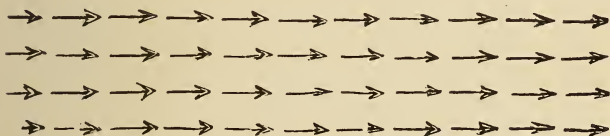
7. They killed with the club eleven of their enemies and took five prisoners. The former represented by the club and the eleven heads; the latter by the figures on the little pedestals.



8. They lost nine of their own men in the action—represented by the nine heads within the bow, which is the emblem of honor among the Indians, but had none taken prisoners—a circumstance they lay great weight on, shown by all the pedestals being empty.



9. The heads of the arrows, pointing opposite ways, represent the battle.



10. The heads of the arrows, all pointing the same way, signify the flight of the enemy.

The different tribes each had a dialect of its own, still the languages had a general resemblance to one another. The Indians used a large number of words, and some of them were joined in a way to express a great deal of thought. It was a difficult language to remember, and required a large stock

of patience to master it. Great attention was paid among the Indians to speaking in public, for the best speaker had the most influence. They liked to have a speech reduced to strict order, and presented in such a way, it could be easily remembered. They disliked long harangues. They used many gestures when speaking, and some of their orations were very eloquent. The Indians considered the learning we value as useless. In the year 1744, some commissioners from Virginia informed the chiefs of the Six Nations if they would send half a dozen of their sons to the college at Williamsburg, the government would see that they were well provided for and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is a rule of Indian politeness not to answer an important question the day it is asked, for it would appear as if they treated the matter lightly. The next day, however, the best speaker replied. After expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the offer, he said, "We know that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men while with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things, and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same as yours. We have had some experience of it ; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern

provinces ; they were educated in all your sciences but when they came back to us they were bad runners ; ignorant of every means of living in the woods ; unable to bear either cold or hunger ; knew neither how to build a wigwam, take a deer, or kill an enemy ; spoke our language imperfectly ; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counselors ; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it : and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them."

Among the Indians, the sachems or chiefs were absolute in power. The office was hereditary, and it was necessary, in order to inherit it, that the mother as well as the father should belong to a royal family. There was a class of inferior chiefs called sagamores. Every sachem selected a number of the oldest and wisest men from his tribe to be his counselors, and he conferred with them on every matter of importance. The chiefs were supported by presents from the tribe. The first fruits of the earth and the best caught in hunting or fishing were given to him, as well as all spoils taken in war. The Indians had no jails nor prisons ; when a man was to be held captive for a few weeks, they tied him to a tree or guarded him in a wigwam. Every case of punishment was brought before the chief. If a man was guilty of stealing, for the first offense he was publicly reproved ; if the act was repeated,

he was beaten on the bare back with a cudgel. For the third offense he had his nostrils slit, so that every person who saw him should know better than to trust him. If a man murdered another in his own tribe, his brains were beaten out with a club, or he was stabbed in the heart with a kind of flint knife. It was considered a great disgrace by an Indian to have any officer lower than the chief inflict punishment upon him, but *he* might punish him ever so severely, and he would not flinch or groan. The dead among the Indians were frequently buried in a sitting posture, facing the east. Whatever objects were prized in health were buried with them, as they believed the person would want them to use in the next world. The mourners often painted their faces black, and expressed very deep grief for their relatives. After the funeral, the name of the departed was never mentioned in the family; and they would frequently forsake the wigwam where they had lived before the death occurred. The Indians believed in the existence of a Great Spirit of good, and one of evil. The latter was the one who received the most worship. Dances were given in honor of him, and sacrifices offered to appease his wrath whenever they were afflicted. They also believed in many inferior deities, such as the wind, fire, and thunder. They did not worship idols; some of the tribes had curious images, but they were not used as objects of worship. The Indians were very superstitious, and were firm believers in ghosts and witches. Their priests or powwows exerted great influence over them. They

were always well paid before performing their enchantments, but were frequently consulted, especially in cases of sickness. Sometimes they would kindle a large fire and dance around it, uttering horrid shrieks ; the Indians on such occasions would throw into it their choicest treasures, as a sacrifice. Most of these Indian rites are now abolished. After the English settled in this country, the red men scattered like leaves of the forest in an autumn wind ; and not many centuries shall have fled, before the *Indian* will be known only in the history of the past.

V.

APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

The first Bible was printed in America, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1664, in the Indian language, forty years before a newspaper was published in this country. The difficult task of preparing it was wrought by the Reverend John Eliot, a most able and devoted minister of the gospel. He was born in England in 1604, and was educated at the University at Cambridge. When about twenty-seven years of age he came to America, and was chosen pastor of the church in Roxbury, Mass., an office he held the remainder of his life. Until this time but little attention had been paid by the colonists to the Indians, as to teaching them the truths of religion, or how to lead a civilized life. The benevolent heart of Mr. Eliot was filled with pity for the poor Indians, and instead of trying to teach them English, he set himself to work, in addition to his labors as a pastor, to learn their language. To accomplish this, took him a long time. He ate and drank with them, spent days and nights in their wigwams, and oftentimes endured great privation and suffering, in traveling alone and on foot through the forests. When Mr. Eliot was forty-two years of age, he was able to address them in public in their own language.

His first labors were with a tribe who lived a few miles from Boston. In a short time a famous chief named Waban was converted, and he was ever after noted for his piety. The good missionary not only taught the Indians the truths of the Bible, but showed them how to build more comfortable dwellings, and tried to establish among them a wise form of government. Nothing that would make them happier and better was too small for his attention. He opened schools, and soon at Natick there was quite an Indian settlement. He discovered the great need there was of the Indians having a written language, so he commenced the difficult work of making one from their signs and oral elements. Long and faithfully did he labor, until, in 1661, the New Testament was presented them in their own language, for a religious society in England had paid for the printing. Three years later the Old Testament was ready for use. The Indians had one sound not represented in our language, and Mr. Eliot adopted a character which resembles the figure 8 laid on its side to represent it. As a specimen of the work he accomplished, we will give the Lord's Prayer in the Massachusetts language, taken from Eliot's Bible :

"N ∞ shun kesukqut quttianatamunach k ∞ wes-
uonk. Peyaum ∞ utch kukketaff ∞ tamoonk, kutte-
nantamoonk ne n nach ohkeit neane kesukqut.
Nummeetsuongash asekesukokish assamainnean
yeuyeu kesukok. Kah ahquoantamaiinnean num-
matcheseongash, neane matchenenukqueagig nuta-
quontamounnonog. Ahquc sagkompagunnaiin-

nean en gutchhuaouganit, webe pohquokwussin-nean wutch matchitut. Newutche kutahtaunn ketass tamoonk, kah menuhkesuonk, kah sohsu-moonk mickeme. Amen."

Mr. Eliot prepared a primer for young children, and some other books for use in schools ; he also translated hymns to be used in their meetings, and some larger works for the more advanced scholars. He was well rewarded for his labors in seeing the progress made by the Indian children. Some of them learned so rapidly, in a few years they entered the English schools and became proficient in Latin and Greek. For many years the good apostle, as he was styled, went twice every week and held a meeting at Natick, and his earnest and friendly manner led the Indians to listen to him. The first church formed among them was at that place, and had between forty and fifty members. Other men, seeing the result of Mr. Eliot's labors, entered the work and established schools and churches in different parts of New England, and some of their own nation were employed as teachers. In 1657, as Mr. Eliot was attending a council of ministers in Connecticut, for the first time he preached to the Podunk Indians. Quite a large number of them met at Hartford, and he tried in their own language to teach them of Christ. When he was about to leave them he inquired if any were ready to receive the Saviour. The sachems answered with scorn, "No, the English have taken away our land; and now they want to make us their servants." The Connecticut Indians did not listen to the truth as



JOHN ELIOT, APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

readily as those in some other states ; perhaps it arose from the reason that some of the first white settlers there had the impression that they were the Lord's people and the Indians the Canaanites, and it was their duty to kill and drive them out as fast as possible. We do not forget the kindness and attention shown in after years to the red men in that state. In the year 1680, it was estimated that there were at least one thousand "praying Indians" in and around Massachusetts, who had been led to lead a higher life by the blessing of God on Mr. Eliot's instructions. They used to hold a court every year at Wameset, or Tewksbury. On that occasion a large crowd of Indians assembled from various places. These public councils were directed with great ceremony. The oldest man sat in front, the warriors next, and the women and children occupied the back seats. When the speaker arose, not a sound was heard from the audience—all gave the closest attention. Five minutes were allowed after the speech was finished for him to think if he had omitted anything he wished to say, or desired to make any correction. One day Mr. Eliot had been preaching in a large wigwam, and his subject was the parable of the marriage of the king's son, from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew. When he finished his sermon, Waumalancet, an Indian chief who had been very kind to the English, but had refused to obey the gospel, rose and said—"Sirs, you have been pleased for four years, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly to me and my people, to exhort,

press and persuade us to pray to God. I am very thankful to you for your pains. I must acknowledge I have all my days used to pass in an old canoe, and you exhort me to change and leave my old canoe, and embark in a new one, which I have always opposed ; but now I yield myself up to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter." From that time he became a changed man, and led the life of a praying Indian. Some of his people were angry with him for forsaking their powwows, and left him and joined other tribes. In the year 1764, the Rev. Mr. Eliot, in company with another missionary, went on a tour, and visited the different missions scattered over the country. They held a meeting with some Christian Indians, in what is now the town of Woodstock, Connecticut. One Indian sat with a sullen look, and did not appear to take the least interest in the exercises. At last he rose and said that he was sent by Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, to tell the missionaries that they had no right to come into his territory, and said he, "Uncas is not pleased that the English should pass over Mohegan river to call *his* Indians to pray to God." The ministers told him to tell his chief they only came to teach them of Christ, and to give up drinking, powwowing, witchcraft, and murder. At nearly every mission their presence was hailed with great joy, for many of the pastors and teachers had been under their instruction.

Mr. Eliot had five sons of promise, and as he had given cheerfully unto the poor and ignorant, the

Lord rewarded him by leading some persons in England to pay for the education of his children. One son died when in college, but four of them lived to become ministers—all respected and loved. His oldest son labored earnestly to assist his father, and preached for many years to the Indians in different towns. The Reverend Mr. Eliot, the apostle, lived to a venerable age, then, deeply lamented, he passed from his labors on earth to his rest in heaven.

VI.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS.

William Phipps was among the first examples in this country of what is styled "a self-made man." Born only thirty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, of obscure parents, without early advantages, he rose to fill the highest office in the colony, and a large sphere of usefulness in church and state.

His father had twenty-six children by one wife, twenty-one of whom were sons, and William was among the youngest. His home was on the banks of the Kennebec, where his parents owned a small farm, well stocked with sheep. At that time they were on the outskirts of civilization, and but very few settlers could be found farther to the east. There were no schools in the vicinity, and if there had been, no time for this hard-working boy to spend in study; for William was obliged to take care of the sheep and assist his brothers in clearing the farm. He was full of energy, and longed for a more spirited life. When he was eighteen years of age he left home and was apprenticed to a ship carpenter, where he remained for four years. Then he started out for himself and went to Boston, where he engaged to work for a ship-builder for one year. Something in the very atmosphere of that city is opposed to ignorance and excites to study, and in

less than twelve months after his arrival he had learned both to read and write. This year he also married an intelligent girl from a respectable family, who ever proved a helpmeet to him. Not satisfied with his success at his trade, William now determined to seek his fortune upon the sea. During his first voyage he heard of a wreck near the Bahama Islands, and directed his course to the spot, and found a sum sufficient to defray the expense of a trip to England. When he arrived there he heard of a Spanish vessel which had been wrecked with immense treasure about fifty years before. He determined to secure the prize. By his energy and great persuasive powers, he prevailed upon men of influence and money to fit him out for the search with a vessel containing nineteen guns and ninety-five men. Capt. Phipps sailed for many weeks, and frequently sent divers into the ocean, but no treasure appeared. The crew became discouraged and mutinous. One day when he was standing alone on the deck, some of them rushed about him with drawn swords, and demanded that he should go with them as a pirate to the South Seas or they would put him to death. He was taken by surprise, but stood perfectly still for a short time, as if considering the matter. Then, unarmed, Capt. Phipps, with terrible and unexpected blows, rushed upon them and knocked down several of their number with so fearless a manner it frightened the rest, and they consented to submit to his direction. But these men were not conquered, for a few days afterwards, when they stopped at a desolate island

to repair the vessel, the dissatisfied ones went into the woods by themselves, and formed the plan of seizing the captain and his friends, and leaving them upon the island, and taking possession of the vessel and making their escape. Capt. Phipps had ordered a large tent to be made on shore, where the provisions were kept and some of the guns. All things worked well for the conspirators until they were almost ready to carry the plot into execution. They were very anxious to have the ship carpenter belong to their party. He was a kind-hearted, honest man, and they knew he would not join them except by force ; so they told him of their mutinous plan, also informed him if he would not agree to join them they should take his life. He returned to his work, and they sent a man to watch his actions. In a few hours he feigned to be in great distress, and excused himself to go to the vessel for something to take. He went below, and when he was preparing the draught, he informed Capt. Phipps of the conspiracy. The captain told him to work with them and he would make it all right. Then he called his friends and inquired if they were willing to go with him and share his fortune. They readily consented. Capt. Phipps brought all the guns on board the ship, and took up the plank on which they passed to the rock on the island. Great was the surprise of the mutineers, when they came in sight of the vessel, to see what had been done. As soon as they came within hearing, the captain told them their mutiny was exposed, and he had decided they should share the

same fate they had planned for himself and friends. Knowing they could not live long in so desolate a place, and seeing no other way to escape, they confessed their guilt and plead earnestly for pardon, and to be allowed one more trial. The stern but kind heart of the captain relented ; still, not thinking they would be very safe companions, he ordered their arms to be tied behind them, then allowed them to come on board. He kept them in that condition until he arrived at Jamaica, where he left them and made up his crew with others. The new sailors were not fitted for this enterprise, so he returned to England.

Capt. Phipps was not the man to be discouraged at one failure. He persuaded the Duke of Albemarle to furnish him with another vessel, in order to continue his search for the wreck. There was a large reef of rocks near the Bahama Islands called "The Boilers," and it was supposed the Spanish vessel was wrecked near this reef. Just as he was on the point of giving up the search, one of his small boats was returning to the vessel in a clear channel which crossed the reef, when a sailor, who was looking into the water, thought he saw something very curious growing on a rock. He sent down an Indian diver to see what it was. He returned, saying there were pieces of iron and big guns scattered all about. They sent him down the second time, and he came up with a large piece of silver in his hand. The crew were almost wild with joy. Capt. Phipps and his men soon reached the spot, and all were busily engaged in securing this

treasure from the deep. Upon good authority it is stated that they carried away thirty-two tons of silver bullion, besides gold, pearls, and some rare jewels. When the ship reached England, the worth of the cargo was estimated at nearly three hundred thousand pounds sterling, or almost one million and a half dollars. Capt. Phipps showed himself honest as well as brave. He paid those who employed him, and those who worked with him, so liberal a share of this great wealth, that all he reserved for himself was about seventy thousand dollars, or less than sixteen thousand pounds. The Duke of Albemarle was so pleased with the success of the captain, he made him a very valuable present, besides gave such an account of his life and brave deeds to King James, that he made him a knight. Honors were now heaped upon Capt. Phipps. The highest officers in the navy urged him to remain in England; but he loved the land of his birth, and decided to return to it.

When the king allowed him to ask any favor, he requested that the privileges taken from the colonists might be restored to them. King James was not friendly to the people of New England, and replied, "Ask anything but that." Capt. Phipps accepted the office of high sheriff, for he hoped to be of assistance to the colony in this way. After an absence of five years he returned to America. On his arrival he found political affairs in a very bad condition. There were continual troubles between officers of the king's appointment and those of the colonists. Capt. Phipps labored to promote the

best interests of the people by placing conscientious men in office. Those friendly to royalty worked against him. The opposition at one time was so great he came very near being assassinated in front of his own house. Sad at heart, Capt. Phipps returned to England. William, Prince of Orange, had ascended the throne, and he was more friendly to the colonists. King James offered to make Capt. Phipps governor of New England ; he indignantly refused to accept the office, and, like a true patriot, sought to secure from the reigning monarch such measures as should benefit all the people. He returned to Massachusetts, and his advice was very valuable to the citizens at that time, for he was universally respected for his good judgment and patriotism. When Capt. Phipps was forty years of age he was baptized and united with a church in Boston. His pastor, Cotton Mather, tells us on that occasion he said, " I have had awful impressions from the words of the Lord Jesus, ' Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.' When God had blessed me with something of the world, I had no trouble so great as this, lest it should not be in mercy ; and I trembled at nothing more than being put off with a portion here. That I may be sure of better things, I now offer myself unto the communion of the faithful." In 1690, a war broke out between the French and English, commonly called King William's war. When King James Second abdicated the crown he fled to France, and Louis Fourteenth tried to reinstate him king of England ;

this caused war between the two countries. The French in Canada sympathized with those at home, and commenced hostilities against the colonists. They made, in league with the Indians, three different attacks upon them, and killed and captured about three hundred persons. The inhabitants of the different states were now aroused to action, and fitted out Capt. Phipps with seventy vessels and eight hundred men, to take Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. He was successful. Another expedition was sent against Canada. The fleet under Capt. Phipps was to sail up the St. Lawrence and attack Quebec. At the same time the troops from New York and Connecticut were to go by land and make an attack upon Montreal. They went as far as Lake Champlain, and not being able to obtain boats to cross, they were obliged to return. The fleet did not arrive at Quebec until October, when a violent storm injured and scattered the vessels, and other circumstances made this expedition a failure. The next year, to the great joy of the people, Capt. Phipps accepted the office of governor of Massachusetts. It was during his rule the "Salem Witchcraft" occurred. Governor Phipps was influenced by leading men to organize the court which tried the accused. The control of the affair was mostly left to the lieutenant-governor; still the governor had much anxiety in regard to it; for at one time suspicion rested on the fair name of his wife. He lived to regret that he had taken any part in the affair. Even the wisest sometimes make mistakes, and in general he administered the gov-

ernment wisely. Like other men in office, Governor Phipps had some enemies ; they reported against him to the king, and he was summoned to appear in England. The majority of the people showed him every attention possible, and strove with their friendship and kindness to make him forget his troubles. They escorted him to the vessel and sent a special message to the king, asking for his speedy return, and that he might long remain their ruler. Upon examination the reports were proved to be false, and it was clearly shown that they had been circulated from jealousy by men who had expected to remove Governor Phipps and fill the office from their own party. It was in 1695, when his friends in America were eagerly waiting for his return, that he was taken sick in England with a violent disease which terminated his eventful life of forty-five years in a few days. Sir William Phipps was a man of plain and sometimes blunt manner, but his honest and generous nature, his perseverance in whatever he undertook, his patriotism and piety, won for him a large circle of friends both at home and abroad, who sincerely mourned his loss.

VII.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

A very strange affair once occurred in the town of Danvers, then a part of Salem, Mass. It was in February of the year 1692, that two children in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, one his daughter, nine years old, and the other his niece, twelve years of age, were affected at times in a very singular manner. They would creep under chairs and tables, and make the most frightful faces; sometimes thrusting their tongues out of their mouths upon their chins, then drawing them quickly down their throats; again stretching their jaws apart until they were almost out of joint, then suddenly shutting them like a spring lock. They pretended that persons entered their room through the key holes or cracks in the windows, who pinched their flesh and pricked them with needles, and they would scream and cry as if cruelly hurt. No one could see the tormentors but those who were suffering. The physician was called, and being at a loss to account for these strange actions in his patients, said they must be bewitched.

The children hearing this, and being constantly urged to tell who it was that troubled them, accused an old Indian woman, who lived in the family. Her name was Tituba, and she was brought to this coun-

try from the West Indies, where she had been a slave. She was very ignorant and a firm believer in witches, and had tried some experiments in the presence of the children, which she said she learned among her own people, for finding out the witch. Tituba was speedily arrested. Upon search she was found to have some scars upon her back, which were called "the devil's mark," but might as well have been considered the proof of her slavery. At first she denied everything, but, at last, in a state of great alarm, she confessed herself guilty, and said two women in the town were in league with her.

Seeing the attention paid to the Parris family, very soon other children in the village claimed to be affected in the same way. They accused two different persons of bewitching them. One was a melancholy old woman who was partially insane and wandered about the streets, often begging her bread. The other was an invalid named Sarah Good, who had been confined to her bed for several years. At this time of unnatural excitement, even sickness did not secure either sympathy or pity, and she was taken off to prison ; and her little girl, between four and five years of age, was made to go with her, for some of the children charged her with biting them, and would show the print of small teeth upon their arms.

At last the time for trial came. A special court was held at Salem in June. The bewitched children were present. The question was put to the accused, "Why do you afflict these children?" If they denied it they were told to look upon them ;

then the children would appear greatly troubled. If one of the old women happened to lean against anything, they would say that she was crushing them ; if another clasped her hands, they would cry out that she was pinching them ; if one of them took a single step, the children would scream from pain in the feet, and utter terrible shrieks, which excited all present. Mr. Parris, in the presence of one or two magistrates, asked most of the questions, and the examinations were conducted in such a manner that soon the prisoners were brought in as guilty, and condemned. During the months of June and July, six women were hanged. The delusion still spread rapidly, even into the neighboring towns. By the last of September twenty persons had been executed, one third of whom were members of the church—all, excepting the first, declaring their innocence. If the accused confessed guilt, they had a chance of life ; and more than fifty saved themselves from hanging by admitting they were witches, who afterward declared their freedom from any such crime. About one hundred and fifty were in prison and accused. One man, named Giles Corey, seeing the fate of all those who had put themselves upon trial, refused to plead, and when questions were asked would not answer a word. So, according to an old English law, as a punishment for standing mute, he was pressed to death—the only instance of the kind which has ever occurred in New England. At first most of the accused were from among the ignorant and degraded, but soon victims were selected from the

higher classes, and some in the families of the magistrates were suspected. This led the judges to examine the subject more carefully. In August the Rev. Mr. Burroughs was executed. On the scaffold he made a speech so eloquently pleading his innocence it touched the hearts of all who listened to it. It was not until the month of October an event occurred which roused the whole people. The wife of the minister at Beverly, the Rev. Mrs. Hale, was accused. She was one of the best of women, noted for her virtues and very much beloved.

This opened the eyes of all to the untruthfulness of the bewitched. Public opinion turned against them. No more persons were condemned, and those in prison were released. The Rev. Mr. Parris was obliged to leave his church; and those who had been concerned in punishing offenders were judged so severely they confessed guilt and asked for pardon. We wonder that such an event could have occurred among persons of education and piety; but there are several reasons which in some measure account for the spread of such a delusion. The Indians, with whom all the children at that time were well acquainted, were very superstitious, and often filled their minds with strange stories. Not many years before the occurrence at Salem, a man named Glanvel published his "Witch Stories" in England; and soon after an account of the trial of the witches in Suffolk was printed. Many copies of these books were circulated and read in New England, and their contents discussed at nearly every fire-

side. The actions of the bewitched in this country were almost precisely like those recorded in the stories. This conformity of behavior has led some to suppose one was in imitation of the other. It is well to remember, at that time in England, some of the most able lawyers tried and condemned as criminals, those who were accused of practicing witchcraft. Let us rejoice that we live in a more enlightened age.

VIII.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

Roger Williams was born in Wales in 1599. He received a liberal education and was admitted to orders in the Church of England, where he acquired the reputation of being "a godly man and a zealous preacher."

Having joined the Puritans, he was subjected to persecution, and when he was thirty-two years old, in company with his wife, he sailed for America. He preached for two years in Plymouth. In 1634 he accepted a call to be the pastor of the church in Salem. He was a man of superior abilities and earnest piety, and he soon exerted a great influence

over the minds of his people. His views of truth gave offense to the civil powers, for he believed and preached that every man had a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The devoted pastor was in advance of his age. In the year 1636, he was summoned to appear before the General Court and ministers of the colony. Mr. Hooker was appointed to dispute with him.

Mr. Williams claimed that "the only business of human legislators is with the actions of men as they affect his fellow men ; but as for the thoughts and feelings of his mind, and the acts of his life as respects religious worship, the only law-giver is God, and the only tribunal a man's conscience." It appears very strange to us that the Puritans, who had suffered so much to obtain a place where they could worship God as they desired, should not have granted the same privilege to others ; but they were in continual fear lest, by new sects being formed among them, they should lose their privileges. They had been educated in the school of persecution, and could not understand the blessing of granting religious liberty to all. Mr. Williams was sentenced by the court to depart out of their jurisdiction within six weeks, and all the ministers, excepting one, approved of the sentence.

When this decision was made known, crowds thronged to hear him. The affection of his people increased, and some of them were determined to sustain him. The magistrates, fearing the result, sent a vessel to take him, but the pastor had dis-

appeared. He started southward and traveled for fourteen weeks, without knowing, as he says, "what bread or bed did mean," and as the ground was covered with snow, he had to depend on the charity of the Indians for food. He studied their language and learned to talk with them ; he labored for their civilization and to lead them to accept the blessings of the gospel. At last Mr. Williams stopped at a place near Manton's Neck, and five of his friends joined him. Very soon he received a letter from Governor Winslow of Plymouth, advising him to remove to the other side of the water, where the country would be free before him, and they could dwell as loving neighbors together. This advice appears to have been given in friendship, though the governor has been severely censured for writing it. Mr. Williams, with his friends, entered a canoe and went down stream. They rowed around India and Fox Points, and then went up the river and landed near a spring of water, which is still pointed out to the traveler. Here he purchased a tract of land of the Narragansetts and began to build a town, which, in remembrance of the goodness of God to him in times of trial and distress, he called Providence. Mrs. Williams with their two children soon arrived, with others from Salem who loved their pastor. The land he had obtained Mr. Williams delivered into the hands of twelve men, reserving only an equal share for himself. He mortgaged his place in Salem for money to make the purchase, so that he could establish a place of refuge for all who were oppressed, and found a colony

“where all sorts of consciences” could enjoy religious freedom. Mr. Williams having embraced the sentiments of the Baptists, was again baptized in March, 1639. He founded the first Baptist church in America. For several years this colony suffered from poverty. The Indians had but little money, and those of his congregation who came were poor, and could not receive aid from friends. Mr. Williams now had to resort to hard work. He says, “day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread.” Still he bore all his sufferings cheerfully, and would not give up his principles. In a letter to a friend he states, “It pleased the Father of spirits to touch many hearts dear to me with relentings, amongst which the great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply.” It was not many years before they were blessed with prosperity. New settlements were continually being made, and the healthy climate, with the liberty of opinion granted to all, caused them to increase very rapidly. In the year 1636 the inhabitants of Massachusetts heard that the Pequots and the Narragansetts were about to form a league against the whites. Knowing the great influence Mr. Williams had over the chiefs of the latter tribe, they sent letters to him, urging him to use his utmost efforts to prevent it. The good man started off directly in his old canoe, and at the risk of his life reached the wigwam of the chief of the Narragansetts when the Pequot commis-

sioners were present, whose hands he said "seemed to reek with the blood of his murdered countrymen, and whose knives he often expected at his own throat." For three days and nights he labored, and after many trials and charges, he succeeded in persuading the Narragansetts to remain friendly to the English. The importance of this act to the colonists of New England can never be fully estimated.

In the year 1640 the inhabitants of Providence agreed upon a wise form of government, which it is supposed was written by the pastor. Roger Williams visited England in the year 1644, as agent for the settlers in Rhode Island, and obtained of the Earl of Warwick a free charter of incorporation for Providence and the Rhode-Island plantations, as the other settlements were called. In the year 1663, Charles II. granted them a royal charter. This constituted an assembly consisting of the governor, lieutenant-governor and ten assistants, with representatives from the different towns, all to be chosen by the vote of freemen. Roger Williams had the highest confidence of his fellow citizens, and several times was elected to fill the office of governor. He died in 1683, at Providence, and was buried near the spot where he first landed. He has sometimes been blamed for so frequently changing his religious views, still he will ever be held in respect for the religious toleration he established in New England, and personally he will be regarded as one of the truest, bravest, and best of men.

IX.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

King Philip was a fierce Indian warrior. He was the second son of Massasoit, and when his oldest brother Alexander died in 1662, he became chief. At first he pretended to be friendly to the whites, but all the time at heart was an enemy to them. The Indians who had once looked upon the English as their friends, now seeing their own number rapidly diminishing and that of the colonists increasing, became very jealous of them. Philip encouraged this feeling by going secretly to the different tribes, and by his eloquent speeches inciting them to action. He prophesied that the white men would in time take all the land, and their children would be left destitute of hunting grounds—their chiefs would be beggars and their warriors would be scattered like autumn leaves. An event soon occurred which showed his true feelings. There was a very talented young Indian called John Sausaman, who had been educated by Mr. Eliot, and could speak the English language as well as his own. He was engaged to teach the children at Natick, an Indian village. For some reason he left and joined Philip, and became very intimate with him, and the chief employed him as a secretary and told him all about his affairs. By the influence of the mis-



KING PHILIP OF POKONOKET, WITH HIS ROBE OF RED CLOTH
AND OTHER INSIGNIA OF ROYALTY, COPIED FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

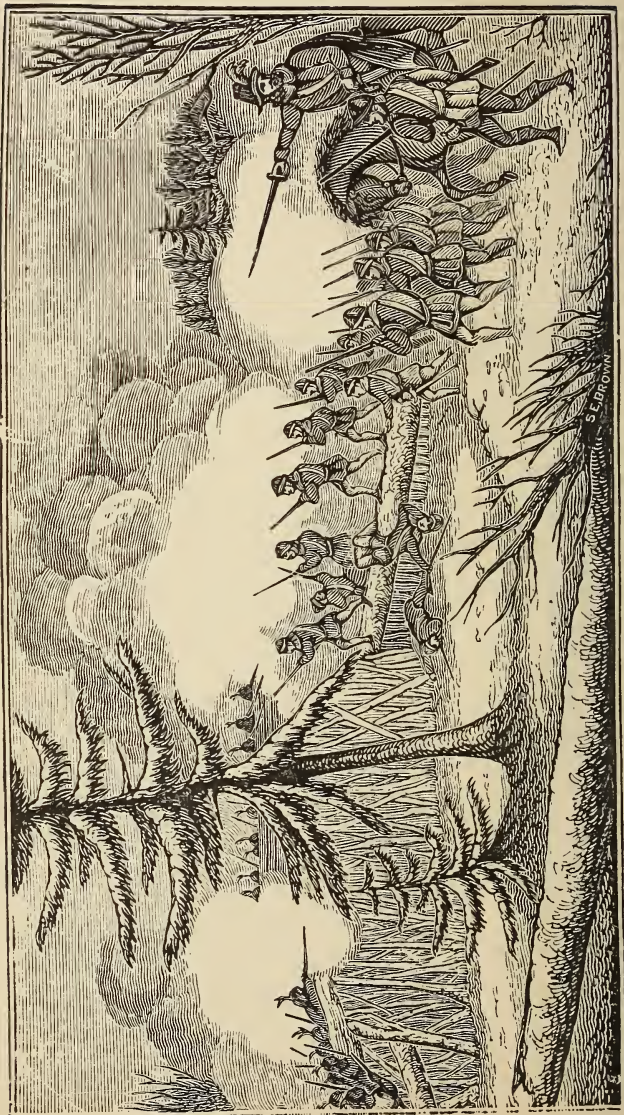
sionary, Sausaman was induced to return to the Christian Indians. He appeared very penitent, was baptized, and devoted the rest of his life to preaching to those of his own nation who would listen to him. He was very eloquent, and many of the Indians placed great confidence in him—they told him of a plot formed to exterminate the whites. Sausaman informed the governor, who went directly to work to prevent it. Philip suspected who had revealed the secret, and was determined he should die. One cold winter's day Sausaman was alone on a large pond, when three Indians suddenly rushed upon and killed him, and put his body under the ice, but left his hat and gun outside, so as to make it appear as if he had slipped into the hole and was drowned. His body was found, and some bruises upon the head led his friends to believe the Indians had murdered him. They remained quiet about it, but all the time were on the watch to find out all they could. One day an old Indian told them he was on a hill near the pond and saw Sausaman killed, but he durst not give the alarm or tell of it for fear of losing his own life. Through the labors of this man the three Indians were caught—one of them confessed his guilt, and they were all put to death. They were near friends of Philip, and he was very angry and swore revenge. The Indians now began to steal cattle from the English and insult them in various ways. One fast-day, as some people in the Plymouth colony were going home from their place of worship, the Indians made an attack upon them and killed eight or nine per-

sons. The English soon pursued them and killed five or six Indians, and Philip fearing another attack, left the place where he lived at Mount Hope, in Bristol, Rhode Island, and fled with his warriors to a swamp in Pocasset, afterwards called Tiverton. On their way the savages burnt houses, scalped some of the inmates, and placed the heads of others on poles along the side of the road. The English followed Philip into the swamp and lost many men in the pursuit ; they tried to surround it and starve him out, but one night he stole off with his men. The next two years were sad ones for New England. The Indians had learned to use firearms, and they never fought in the open field if they could avoid it, but would skulk behind rocks and trees, and fire when least expected. Sometimes whole families were massacred. Nearly every village was surrounded by a forest, and the inhabitants were never safe. The men carried their guns to church with them, and when working in the field they had them strapped on their backs. Philip fled from the swamp to Massachusetts, and when the English sent some men to make a treaty with the Indians, they were surrounded and several of them killed ; the rest returned in a by-path to the village of Quaboag, now Brookfield. Thinking they might be pursued, they told the inhabitants, numbering about seventy persons, all to go to the largest house in the village, and they would try and defend them. The Indians with hideous shouts soon entered the place. They burned all the vacant houses, then began to fire at this one. The inmates defended themselves as

best they could. The savages continued the assault for two days, and only one person was killed by the firing. Then they determined to burn the building. They threw brands of fire against it—finally filled a cart with tow, set it on fire and pushed it against the house. The villagers now gave up all hope of life, for the Indians had surrounded the house, to kill any who might try to escape. Just at that moment the God in whom they trusted delivered them. In their anxiety they had not noticed the black cloud in the heavens, from which the rain soon fell in torrents and extinguished the flames. The next day some soldiers arrived under Major Willard and Captain Parker, and the Indians, after killing and wounding all the cattle in the place, fled. During the month of September, 1675, Hadley, Deerfield, and Northfield, on the Connecticut river, were attacked; some of the inhabitants were killed and many buildings burned. About the middle of the month, Captain Lathrop, with several teams and eighty young men, who were the pride of Essex county, was sent to Deerfield to transport grain to Hadley. On their return the party stopped to gather some grapes near a brook, and were suddenly attacked by eight hundred Indians. It was useless for them to resist; they were all killed and buried in one grave. Captain Mosley's men came up when they were robbing the dead, but it was too late for the rescue of one precious life. They rushed upon the Indians very suddenly and they fled in all directions, but the soldiers followed and frequently charged on them for seven miles, and many of the

savages were killed. During this time the Narragansetts had made a league with the whites, but it was accidentally discovered that they were privately aiding Philip—sending men by night to his forts and protecting his women and children. It was thought necessary for the safety of the colonies that they should unite their forces and send a powerful army against them. Early in the winter of 1675, Philip repaired to the country of the Narragansetts with three thousand warriors. He built a fort on an island in a swamp, large enough to contain six hundred wigwams, and it was surrounded by a thick brush fence sixteen rods in width. It had but one entrance, and that was well defended. In order to reach the island, it was necessary to cross a channel of stagnant water on the trunk of a tree. All the savage tribes were roused to make one mighty effort against the white invaders. The whites decided it was the time for them to make an attack. On the nineteenth of December Governor Winslow, from Plymouth, with about one thousand men, started for the fort. They were obliged to march fifteen miles through the deep snow, and they arrived at the swamp at one o'clock in the afternoon. In trying to walk on the tree thrown across the ditch, some of the men were killed by the guards.

The Indians fled as soon as fired upon, and the whole army followed them to their fortress. There was desperate fighting. At first the whites were repulsed, but some of the soldiers had discovered a place in the rear unguarded and rushed into it, so



ATTACK ON THE NARRAGANSETT FORT, DEC. 19, 1675.

the Indians were attacked from both sides and fell with terrible slaughter. The wigwams were set on fire, and the shrieks from the women and children were terrible. The loss of the English was great: six captains and eighty men were killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded. The Indians suffered still more: in addition to the thousand warriors slain, many of those who fled perished from the cold and for want of food. Philip was not taken; he returned to Mount Hope and collected his scattered forces. A few months after the swamp fight, as this battle is called, Canonchet, the chief of the Narragansetts, was taken prisoner and delivered to the Mohegans, and they being friendly to the whites ordered him to be shot. During the winter the Indians continued to murder the people and burn many houses in different places. In the spring another party was sent out under Captain Church. The hatred of Philip increased, and he tried, but in vain, to induce the Mohawks to join him. He killed some of their men and laid it to the English, so as to enrage them. He was detected in his iniquity and pursued. About the first of August, 1676, an attack was made upon him near Mount Hope, and one hundred and thirty of his men killed and his wife and son taken prisoners. Philip wept bitterly for the loss of his family. One of his men proposed that he should accept terms of peace, and he shot him dead on the spot. The brother of this man was angry, and to revenge his death he joined the whites, and in a skirmish shortly after shot Philip through the heart. Captain Church ordered

him to be beheaded and quartered. The Indian who executed this order pronounced the epitaph of this great warrior: "You have been one very great man. You have made many a man afraid of you. But so big as you be, I will now chop you to pieces." The death of King Philip ended the war. Six hundred men, the brave and noble of New England, had fallen, twelve towns had been destroyed, and it was estimated that every eleventh family was houseless, and every eleventh soldier had gone to his grave. No wonder the people rejoiced to hear that such an enemy as King Philip was dead. We shudder at his cruel deeds, still we cannot but respect the warrior who fought so fiercely to preserve his own people. After his death most of the scattered tribes made treaties of peace with the English.

X.

WILLIAM PENN.

When Charles II. of England granted William Penn his large claim of land in this country, he named it Pennsylvania. The modest Quaker was so fearful it would look like vanity in himself to have it called by his name, he asked the king to change it, but he refused, telling him it was in honor for services rendered by his father, Vice-Admiral Penn. As soon as the good man came into possession of the land, he published the best account he could, offering it for sale at a low rate, and granting those who settled upon it great religious liberty. He knew by sad experience what it was to suffer for his belief. William Penn was born in London in 1644. He was an only son, and his father was a man of wealth and influence. At the early age of fifteen he entered Christ-Church College, Oxford. He was of a serious temperament, and was persuaded by a classmate to go and hear Thomas Loe, then an eminent preacher among the Quakers or Friends. He was deeply affected by the truths he heard, and that day he decided to cast in his lot with that persecuted sect. Some of the class, among whom was Penn, used to withdraw from the established worship and hold meetings of their own; this gave offense to the professors, and

they were fined ; the trouble continued to increase, until they were finally expelled from the university. Penn's father was deeply grieved, and tried in every possible way to lead his son to change his opinions, but finding he could not prevail upon him to adopt any other belief, he punished him severely and turned him out of doors. He soon repented of this rash act, and prevailed upon him to return home, and furnished him money to visit Paris with some persons in high life, hoping the gayeties of that city would draw his attention from religious subjects. Instead of that, Penn spent his time in gaining information, and returned so well skilled in the French language and other accomplishments, and so much improved in his appearance, that he was welcomed with great pleasure at his home. He now commenced the study of law, at Lincoln's Inn, in London. He made such rapid progress that when he was twenty-two years of age his father committed to his sole management a large estate in Ireland. When in Cork, he went again to hear the famous preacher, Thomas Loe. He began his sermon with the impressive words, "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world." This discourse led Penn to devote himself to a religious life. He spent some time in serious contemplation, then commenced preaching. His father was very angry when he heard of this change in his pursuits, and threatened to disown him if he continued to follow the life of a preacher. From this time the life of Penn was almost entirely one scene of trial. Still

he preferred a life of persecution, with the approval of his conscience, to one of pleasure without it. He was imprisoned several times and frequently fined, but he persevered in what he believed to be his duty. His father always gave him credit for honesty, and some years after trusted him with important business ; but it was a great disappointment to the ambitious man not to have his only son fill a high position and become an influential man at court—little thinking the day would come when his persecuted child should preserve his name from obscurity long after those of the most popular courtiers had been buried in oblivion. So God rewards those who choose first His service.

When Admiral Penn died the government was deeply in debt to him, and as a payment his son William solicited a grant of land in America. His generous proposals for forming a settlement led many of the Quakers to join in the enterprise. Persecution is a bad thing of itself, but it was the means of sending some noble souls to this country. A company was soon formed, and in 1681, three ships sailed for the new province, with orders from Penn that the Indians should be treated kindly and their land should not be occupied without first gaining their consent. The next year William Penn decided to come to Pennsylvania. When he went to take leave of Charles II. and told him of his intention, the king expressed great surprise and said to him, "What ! venture yourself among those savages ; what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after

setting foot on their shores?" Penn told him he should buy the land of the Indians and deal honestly with them, and he expected they would treat him in the same manner. The king thought in time he might find himself mistaken in his high opinion of savage honor. In 1682, Penn sailed, with one hundred Quakers, in the ship *Welcome*, for this country. During the voyage the small pox broke out, and about one third of the passengers died. From his own purse he relieved the wants of the poor and personally attended to the sick and suffering. They first landed at New Castle, then sailed up the Delaware river, where he formed a settlement. His friendly manner and just dealings soon secured for him the respect and confidence of the Indians. They called him Onas, and treated him as if he were a superior being. He appointed a time for those who would sell their lands to meet him under a large tree. The day arrived and the Indian chiefs gathered from all directions. They listened attentively as Penn told them he wished to buy their lands and live in peace with them, and he solemnly appealed to the Almighty to witness that his desire was to do them good. The chiefs then promised "to live in love with him and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure." The treaty was then executed by Penn signing his name and the Indians putting down on the paper the emblems of their several tribes.

The tree under which this meeting was held was a large elm, in those days considered one of the big trees—as they had not heard from California.

The tree was blown down in 1810. It was not lofty, but its branches covered a large space. The longest limb measured one hundred and fifty feet in length, the trunk twenty-four feet in circumference, and if the circles in the wood were truthfully recorded it was two hundred and eighty-three years old. A marble monument now marks the spot where it stood. Not long after the treaty was made, Penn selected a site and laid out a city, which he named Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love." He made some very wise laws, which were of great benefit to the colony. One was that the children should be taught some useful trade; he said all must work, the poor in order to live, and the rich so that they should not become poor. He granted great freedom to every person of good moral character, and he was the first legislator who taught that the object of punishment was to reform the offender as well as to prevent crime. His wise rules were one secret of the great success of this colony. The number of emigrants increased rapidly, and in less than a year one hundred houses were built. So many persons arrived one fall, there was not house room sufficient for them, and they had to dig out caves in the banks of the river and live in them until buildings could be erected. When they were in want of provisions the Indians very frequently brought them fish and venison. In the month of August, 1684, William Penn returned to England. After he went on board the ship he sent a letter to the colonists, in which he expressed his interest and affection for them, and closed with

these solemn words: "And thou, Philadelphia, virgin of the province! my soul prays for thee: that faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness, thou mayest be preserved to the end." After Penn arrived in England he received great attention from all classes. He used his influence with King James to secure his protection for his persecuted brethren the Quakers, and tried to obtain laws in favor of religious liberty. When the king became an exile in France, Penn was suspected of being in league with him, and for his political opinions was arrested and shut up in prison. At last he was allowed to make his defense before King William and his council. He was acquitted of all guilt and his rights as governor of his province restored to him—for the office had been unjustly taken from him and given to Governor Fletcher of New York. Fifteen years from the time Penn returned to England he again visited Pennsylvania. He granted a new charter, better suited to the wants of the increasing population than the old one. It was accepted by the assembly, but did not suit all the people. Those living in what is now the state of Delaware rejected it; and in 1703, they were allowed to form a separate assembly. Still the same governor was appointed over both provinces. William Penn left Pennsylvania in 1701, and died in England in 1718, aged seventy-four years. His death was mourned by all as that of a good and just man. His memory was held in such reverence by the Indians that in all the wars in after years they would never kill a Qua-

ker, knowing him to be such. The prosperity of Pennsylvania, the foundation of which must be traced to his wisdom and benevolence, is a lasting monument to his memory.

XI.

THE DUNSTAN FAMILY.

The winter of 1697, was very severe, provisions were scarce, all kinds of clothing were expensive, and it was a hard time for large families, saying nothing about the constant dread of the Indians. It was during this year, in the middle of March, that a party of savages made an attack upon the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Many homes and hearts were made desolate that day, but we can only give an account of the sufferings of one household. A Mr. Dunstan, who lived just outside the village, was at work in the field near the house when the terrible war whoop sounded in his ears. He ran to his home, hoping if possible to save his family. He called seven of his children and told them to hasten to a fort there was in the town, while he went to assist his wife, who was confined to the bed with an infant a week old. Just at that instant the Indians came in sight. Mrs. Dunstan,

with her unselfish motherly heart, begged of her husband to save their children. Leaving her with the nurse, he jumped upon his horse, thinking he would take the child he loved best and make his escape. He soon overtook his little flock of all ages, from two to seventeen, hurrying along as fast as possible towards the garrison. Which one should he save? He could not decide. All were alike dear to the father's heart—not one could he leave to be murdered by the savages. He determined to save them all or die in the attempt. He told the children to run forward, and then placed himself between them and the Indians. The savages fired at him, but he had his gun and returned their shots with good effect. In this way they traveled for a mile and a half, where they reached a place of safety. Mr. Dunstan returned to protect his wife, but all that remained of his house was a mass of smoking ruins. After he had left some of the Indians entered and ordered Mrs. Dunstan to rise from the bed and prepare to go with them. Without waiting for her to finish dressing they obliged her, with the nurse, who was trying to save the infant, to quit the house, and after robbing it of such articles as they could carry they set it on fire.

With ten other captives they started on their wearisome march. They were driven forward at the rate of about twelve miles a day by a score of cruel Indians. They had traveled but a short distance when the savages, seeing so much attention paid to the babe and thinking it a hindrance, snatched it from the arms of the nurse and killed it

by striking its head against a tree. Poor Mrs. Dunstan, faint from weakness and heart-broken, was made to march on through snow and mud, not daring to utter one groan of distress—for several of the captives who had been unable to proceed from weariness had made complaint, and the Indians had struck them with their tomahawks and left them dead by the side of the road. Strength and energy appeared to be given to the feeble woman and she endured what at first seemed impossible, and finally arrived at the end of the tedious journey of one hundred and fifty miles through the wilderness without serious injury. Mrs. Dunstan, the nurse, and a boy who was taken prisoner at the same time, were claimed by one Indian as his personal property, and taken to his wigwam. They were very much surprised to find that the savages had been taught by the French a certain kind of worship. They were very particular about going through with a form of prayer before eating, and instructed their children in doing the same before lying down at night. Still they would not allow the English women to pray in their own language. They would say, "What need you trouble yourself! If your God will have you delivered, it shall be so." And so it was to be—for He who can hear the most secret desire of the heart as well as the loudest speech listened to the pleadings of these sad women and gave them strength to work out their own deliverance. Every day Mrs. Dunstan and the nurse were made to work with the Indian women. They lived on coarse food, slept at night upon the ground, and suffered con-

tinually from fatigue and misery. The last week in April, the inmates of their wigwam started on a journey. The Indians told the women that they were going to a village a long way distant, and when they reached the place they would be put to torture by running the gauntlet. They then explained this mode of punishment. The savages told them they would have their clothes taken away from them and be made to run between two long lines of Indians, each holding a club with which to strike at them as they passed. When the women shuddered at the terrible thought, they made sport of the weakness of the whites, for they said some would groan and even faint when suffering, but an Indian was more brave, and would submit to it without any sign of pain. This information made the prisoners desperate. All hope of escape seemed to be in vain. They thought of trying to run away, but knew their enemies were so much swifter on foot they could easily overtake them. So the three captives formed the bold plan of killing the Indians. The boy told his master he wanted to make a great warrior, and asked where he should strike a person in order to kill him. The Indian showed him and he told the others. The captives secreted hatchets under the skins on which they slept. Early in the morning on the last day of April they rose as soon as it was light enough to distinguish one from another, and finding all in a deep sleep, they killed ten Indians. One squaw and an Indian boy escaped. They then started with the scalps of these savages in the direction of home. They wandered through

the woods until they reached a stream of water ; finding an empty canoe they seized it, paddled down the river, and at length arrived in safety at Haverhill. We cannot describe the joyful meeting. Mr. Dunstan had made up his mind that his wife had been murdered by the savages, and those long weeks she knew not but that her husband and children had shared the same fate. It was well for the captives that they brought with them the scalps of the Indians, else some might have doubted the truth of their statements. As it was, the General Assembly in Boston voted them fifty pounds for their heroic conduct ; besides, they received numerous presents from friends throughout the country. Even Colonel Nicholson, the governor of Maryland, heard the story and sent them a valuable gift.

XII.

UNCAS.

Uncas, the brave chief of the Mohegans, was in appearance "every inch a king." He was very tall and erect, with a large frame finely formed, and possessed great physical strength. He was proud of his good looks and power, and was just the man to command respect among the Indians. He was fond of fighting, and liked to show his ability in strategy as well as in open warfare. He was kind to his own men, but selfish, deceitful, and often cruel to his enemies. The Pequots were a powerful tribe of Indians living in the southeastern part of Connecticut. Uncas married the daughter of Sassacus, the grand sachem of the tribe, for he was the sagamore of the Mohegans, who were a clan of the Pequots. Some difficulty arose between Uncas and Sassacus, and the former fled to the Narragansetts, for the tribes were sworn enemies. After remaining with them for a while Uncas begged permission to return, and it was granted. He was soon in trouble again and obliged to leave that part of the country. Finally, with twenty or thirty warriors and some other Indians who had joined themselves to him, he stationed himself on the banks of the Connecticut river near the township of Hartford. He formed a friendship with the white settlers, which in

after years proved of great benefit to both parties. Before the state of Connecticut was settled by the English there had been difficulty between the Indians and some Dutch traders, which prejudiced the Pequots against all the whites. In the spring of 1636 a trader named John Oldham was murdered by the Block-Island Indians and his two boys captured. The English demanded one thousand fathoms of wampum and some of the children of the Pequots as hostages, for it was claimed that they had concealed the murderers. The Oldham boys were sent with a guide to Boston. The Indians were indignant at such a demand and decided to secure the assistance of the Narragansetts and exterminate the white settlers.

The English heard this report and were frightened at the prospect of a union between two such powerful and warlike tribes, and besought the persecuted Roger Williams to prevent it. He succeeded, and the Narragansetts remained friendly to the English, but the Pequots continued to trouble the settlers in Connecticut. The commander of the fort at Saybrook was attacked by them and three of his number killed. Another portion of the tribe killed nine persons in Wethersfield and carried away two girls as captives. These and other acts of cruelty led the English to take measures for self-defense. A council met in Hartford on the first of May, 1637, and after serious deliberation it was decided to make war against the Pequots. On the twentieth of the same month Captain Mason, with ninety Englishmen and seventy Indians, sailed

from Hartford down the river for Saybrook. Uncas asked that he might go with his warriors by land, as he was well acquainted with the route. The request was granted, and he fell in with some of the enemy in a forest and killed seven of them and lost but one man. This proof of his friendship was very pleasing to the English. Still, when they arrived at the fort in Saybrook, Lieutenant Gardner, the commander, said to Captain Mason, "How dare you trust the Mohegans, who have but a year come from the enemy?" "We are forced to trust them, for we want them to guide us," replied the captain. The officer was unwilling to trust Uncas until he had greater proof of his sincerity; so he called him and said, "Uncas, you say you will help Captain Mason, but I will first see it; therefore send twenty men to Bass river, for there went last night six Indians there in a canoe; fetch them dead or alive, and you shall go with Mason; else you shall not." Uncas started directly with his warriors, killed four of the men and took another prisoner and brought him to the fort. He was an Indian who had been a leader in the massacres of the English, and they did not interfere to save him.

The Mohegans tied one of his legs to a post, then fastened a rope about the other, and the twenty warriors seized it to pull him asunder. Captain Underhill put an end to his sufferings by shooting him through the head with a pistol. Just as Captain Mason and Uncas were about to start forward a vessel of Dutch traders stopped at Saybrook. Captain Mason tried to prevent their trading with

the Pequots, for fear the Indians would use the kettles and metal they obtained for arrow heads, but told them they might proceed if they would ransom the two girls who were captives. This they agreed to do. They entered Pequot harbor and sailed a short distance up the Thames river. They told the Indians, when they sent articles on shore, they did not want wampum but the two English girls the Pequots had taken from Wethersfield. Sassacus was there and refused to let them go. The sailors then coaxed some noted Indians on board their vessel, and then called out to those on shore that they should hoist sail and turn all these men overboard into the ocean unless they gave up the girls. The Pequots at first made sport of the threat, but before the traders had reached the mouth of the river they sent some messengers in a canoe to overtake them, saying they would make the exchange. The girls were rejoiced to escape from the savages, though they had been treated with great attention. The kind-hearted Dutchmen carried them to Saybrook, and they soon reached their home in safety. Capt. Mason had received orders to make his attack upon the Pequots near the harbor. Learning that they had sixteen guns and some powder and shot, he decided to sail by to the country of the Narragansetts, obtain permission to pass over their lands and attack the Pequots when least expected. Sixty warriors under Uncas and seventy-seven Englishmen started on their march through the wilderness. Many Indians joined them on their way. Guided by a Pequot de-

serter they arrived within a few miles of one of the forts of Sassacus, which was located at Mystic. Some of the natives who had joined them now returned to their homes. Captain Mason called Uncas to him and asked what he thought the Indians would do. "The Narragansetts will leave you, but as for myself I will never leave you," replied the brave chief. In Captain Mason's account of the war he says : "For which expression and for some other speeches of his I shall never forget him ; indeed, he was a great friend, and did us great service." The soldiers stopped for the night at a place in Groton now marked with two large rocks ; the sentinels were so near the village they could hear the shouts of the Pequots. Early in the morning they started for the fort. The Indians were sleeping soundly and did not discover them until within about a rod from the rough thicket which surrounded it. A dog barked and an Indian who saw them cried out, "O wanux ! O wanux ! Englishmen ! Englishmen !" Captain Mason and his men rushed forward and fired into the main entrance. Soon the Pequots fought desperately, and the English captain saw that he must be repulsed or burn the fort. He seized a brand of fire and touched it to a wigwam, the flames caught quickly and soon set all in a blaze. It was a terrible spectacle. The fierce yells of the men—the shrieks and groans of the women and children, mingling with the noise of the firing and the shouts of the Mohegans—all added to the horror of the scene. Seventy wigwams were destroyed and about six hundred Pequots killed or burned. Two of the

English were killed and twenty wounded. The victory was complete. Sassacus with a few followers fled to the region of the Mohawks, and the rest of the tribe were scattered over the state. A reward was offered for their capture, and Uncas for a while was constantly in pursuit. He killed a Pequot sagamore near Guilford harbor, cut off his head and placed it in the crotch of a live oak, where it remained a long time. The fleet in search of stray Pequots coasted along the shore for three days; at last, seeing some smoke, they entered a fine harbor and landed, but found only a few friendly Indians from another tribe. This was the first visit of the English to the site of New Haven, and the description given by these men led to the settlement being made there the next year. Many of the Pequots, broken down and discouraged, became in time the allies of Uncas, and as they were originally the same people, it was difficult to tell a Pequot from a Mohegan.

Uncas being of the royal family claimed most of the land in New London county for his own private property, but gave a strip along the shore to the English. He continued to draw scattering Indians to his standard and increased his power by again marrying into the family of a sachem. In July, 1638, Uncas with thirty-seven of his warriors visited Boston. He carried the governor twenty fathoms of wampum. The members of the council asked him some questions about shielding so many of the Pequots who were enemies to the whites. Uncas appeared deeply grieved to think they should

doubt his friendship, and replied, placing his hand on his heart, "This heart is not mine ; it is yours. I have no men ; they are all yours. Command me any hard thing and I will do it. I will never believe any Indian's word against the English. If any Indian shall kill an Englishman, I will put him to death, be he never so dear to me." He was faithful to his promises, though the English sometimes felt that it was not from affection or principle, but only to advance his own interests.

Uncas was frequently consulted in regard to the treatment of different Indian tribes. The Narragansetts complained that the Mohegans robbed and murdered some of their men. They appealed to the English for justice. A court met at Hartford and Miantinomo was present to plead the cause of the Narragansetts, and Uncas that of the Mohegans. The affair was settled peaceably and the chiefs shook hands together. A few hours after the Narragansett chief asked Uncas to eat with him of his venison, and he would not, showing that his forgiveness did not come from the heart. Uncas sold large tracts of land from time to time to the English, and years afterward there was some trouble about it with his descendants. All that was paid for one lot sold was "five yards of cloth and a few pairs of stockings." Uncas could not live long in peace ; he loved war. Sequassen was the chief of the Connecticut-river Indians, and he was jealous of the growing power of the chief of the Mohegans. One of Uncas's noted warriors was killed, and the murderer fled and was protected by Sequassen.

The English tried to have him give up the guilty man, but when he refused they gave Uncas permission to settle his own quarrel if he would respect the rights and property of the English. Accordingly he marched with his warriors into the territory of Sequassen, defeated his men in battle, captured the murderer, and returned without much loss and with a good deal of plunder. Miantinomo was a relative of the defeated chief, and now the Narragansetts determined to unite with him and revenge the deed. Uncas had a fort on the Thames river, about five miles below where the city of Norwich now stands. His spies brought him word that the Narragansett chief was approaching with his warriors. Uncas called his men together and moved forward to fight him on the road. The armies met on a great plain. Uncas had told his men of his plan to deceive the chief. When they were within bow-shot he asked permission to speak, and it was granted. Both armies halted. Uncas stepped in front of his warriors and said to Miantinomo, "You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a great pity that such brave warriors should be killed. Let *us* fight it out ; if you kill me, my men shall be yours ; if I kill you, your men shall be mine."

The Narragansett chief replied, "My men came to fight, and they shall fight." Uncas being all ready for such a reply, dropped down with his face to the ground as a signal for his men to fight. With one terrible yell they rushed forward and fired their arrows into the Narragansetts and put them

to flight. They pursued them a long distance. Some of the fastest runners overtook Miantinomo, and seeing he was tired out passed him, and let Uncas, who was near, have the honor of taking him. The defeated chief sat with his eyes fixed upon the ground with a look of despair, and no power or persuasion could make him speak one word. Uncas carried him in triumph to the Mohegans and then sent him to Hartford. Here Miantinomo opened his lips and asked that he might be left a prisoner with the English—thinking probably he would receive more mercy from them. The council decided Uncas would not be safe as long as he lived, so gave him up to his direction, with orders not to torture him if he took his life. The chief with a few Mohegans marched him to the spot where he was taken prisoner, and a warrior struck him on the back of his head with a hatchet and killed him instantly. Uncas showed a little of the savage, for he cut out a large piece of flesh from his shoulder and ate it, saying, "It was the sweetest meat he ever ate, it made his heart strong." Miantinomo was buried on the spot where he fell, and a pile of stones marked the grave for many years. The Narragansetts sought revenge for the death of their chief, and Uncas was obliged to call upon the English to use their power in his defense. In the year 1656, the Mohegans had trouble with the Podunk Indians. Uncas sent word to their chief that he would send to the Mohawks to destroy both him and his people. He did not believe it. So Uncas secured some Mohawk weapons, and one still, dark night,

sent a brave young warrior to set a wigwam on fire near the fort and leave his weapons a little way from it on the ground. When the Podunks saw them they knew from their make they belonged to the Mohawks, and sent word to Uncas that they would make peace with him. The English very frequently received complaints from various tribes against the Mohegan chief, but when Uncas appeared before the court he would plead his own cause so eloquently he was usually acquitted. In the year 1679, Norwich jail was burned by some Indians, and Uncas was made to give a large tract of land to be sold to make good the loss, though he was innocent and had not the least knowledge of the act. The old chief beheld with sorrow his lands passing away, and asked the English to mark out his possessions. The Rev. James Fitch, a devoted minister, who labored earnestly for the good of the Mohegans, said that Uncas was friendly to him only as a matter of policy, and he did not place the least confidence in him. The only instance in which he showed any faith in the God of the white man was when there had been a very dry spell and he had urged Mr. Fitch to pray for rain. In a short time so much rain fell that the river rose two feet. Uncas acknowledged it was in answer to the prayers of the white man, not to the powwows. In the last great war between the colonists and the Indians, called King Phillip's, Uncas went to Boston and carried all the firearms belonging to his tribe, to show his friendship to the English. After the "swamp fight," some of the hostile Indians came

to Connecticut and were placed under the control of the Mohegan chief, but afterwards they had some land assigned to them. The precise time and place of Uncas's death is not known ; it probably occurred in the year 1683. He was succeeded by his son Oweneco, who for a few years made a good chief, but later in life he became intemperate and deeded away his lands for "fire water." When an old man he wandered about with his squaw, living on the charity of the Indians and colonists near Mohegan. He carried his blanket and gun, and she wore a leather bag on the back of her neck, fastened with a strap around the forehead, in which she placed whatever was given to them. As they could not speak English one of the white settlers wrote for them this petition :

"Oneco, king, his queen doth bring,
To beg a little food ;
As they go along his friends among
To try how kind, how good.

"Some pork, some beef, for their relief,
And if you can't spare bread,
She'll thank you for pudding, as they go a gooding,
And carry it on her head."

XIII.

HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

Quebec is situated on the north bank of the river St. Lawrence, and consists of two parts, the upper and lower town. Both are strongly fortified by nature. The lower town is built on the plain, which is bounded by the river St. Charles on the east, and a high ledge of rocks on the west. This steep ascent, which rises from the St. Lawrence in an almost perpendicular direction for nearly two hundred feet, is called the Heights of Abraham. The upper town is situated on the plain at the top, and here the fort is located. Quebec was settled at about the same time as Jamestown, but increased rapidly in population, and soon became quite an important place.

When the British decided to take the French possessions in Canada, they sent out three different expeditions. The most important one, that for taking Quebec, was committed to the charge of General James Wolfe, a young officer who displayed great military skill and bravery in the battle of Louisburg. It was through the influence of Sir William Pitt that he received the appointment. In June, 1759, he landed with an army of eight thousand men at the island of Orleans, just below Quebec. Here he learned by observation and experience what a difficult task lay before him. There

was the river St. Charles on one side, with its armed vessels and a boom across its mouth—the rapid St. Lawrence in front—the Heights of Abraham at the west—and, in addition to the natural defenses, the brave General Montcalm, with a well-disciplined army. General Wolfe took possession of Point Levi, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and erected some batteries. The distance was so great and the guns so low, they only destroyed a number of houses in the city, but did not injure the fortifications of the enemy.

He then crossed the Montmorenci river with his troops to attack the French army in their intrenchments. Some of the boats did not land as soon as the others, and the soldiers being impatient to fight, without waiting to form, rushed forward to the enemy's breastwork. The French poured a steady fire upon them, which made terrible havoc. That night General Wolfe retreated to the island of Orleans leaving five hundred brave boys, the flower of his army, lying dead on the field. He next attempted to destroy the shipping, but only succeeded in burning one magazine. General Wolfe, worn with care and anxiety, and not receiving the aid he expected, was taken very sick. It was when he was recovering, and not able to rise from his bed, he formed the bold plan of ascending the heights and fighting a battle on the plain. He proposed it to some of his officers, who were young and ambitious like himself, and they entered heartily into the project. General Wolfe, in order to conceal his design, went up the river about nine miles with his army. On the

12th of September, in the stillness of midnight, they entered the small boats and quietly descended the river. A French sentinel on the shore challenged them: "Qui vit?" "Who goes there?" A captain in one of the regiments who could speak French replied, "La France." The sentinel then asked, "A quel regiment?" "To what regiment?" The officer happened to know the name of a regiment belonging to the enemy that was expected to pass down with some provisions for the soldiers, and he answered promptly, "De la Reine." "The Queen's." The sentinel then gave the order, "Passe," and they quietly pursued their way. The current was so strong they went farther down than they expected, and landed only a mile and a half above Quebec. They had now reached a point which General Montcalm supposed nature had defended in so strong a manner that it did not require many of his forces. General Wolfe was the first to spring upon shore. The army soon followed, and an hour before daylight they started to ascend the Heights of Abraham. There was but one narrow, rough path, and in that the rocks were so shelving it seemed almost impossible to climb over them. By the aid of bushes, crags, and a persevering spirit, the difficult task was completed, and at sunrise they stood upon the summit. Those who ascended first secured a small battery on the plain, so the rest could arrive in safety.

Words cannot express the surprise of General Montcalm when told that the English army were on the plains of Abraham, ready for battle! He

called out his soldiers and prepared them for an engagement. Before ten o'clock the two armies were in readiness for the fierce contest. General Wolfe would not allow his soldiers to reply to the fire of the Canadians and Indians, who stationed themselves in cornfields and behind the bushes, but waited until the main body of the French army was within forty yards of them—then gave the order. The French soldiers ran forward to meet the enemy. The firing on both sides was almost constant and the slaughter terrible. The soldiers in the opposing armies fought desperately. General Wolfe was wounded in the wrist, but only stopped to tie his handkerchief around it—another ball struck him in the lower part of his body, which he tried to conceal, and still urged forward his men. The third bullet hit him in the breast—this obliged him to yield, for the loss of so much blood made him faint, and his men against his wishes carried him to the rear. He heard the cry, "They fly, they fly," and asked, "Who fly?" When told it was the French, he answered, "Then I die contented." Thus died this brave young officer at the early age of thirty-three years. General Montcalm was wounded, but lived to be carried into the city. When told that his wound was mortal, and that he could not live but a short time, he replied, "So much the better, I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." His last moments were spent in writing a letter to the English general, asking that kindness might be shown to the wounded and prisoners. A few days after the battle, the city of

Quebec passed into the hands of the English, and the next year Montreal was taken, and since that time those cities have remained in their possession. The body of General Wolfe was carried to England and buried in the family vault at Greenwich. A granite pillar ten feet in height now marks the spot where he breathed his last. It contains this inscription, "*Here died Wolfe, Victorious.*"

XIV.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Israel Putnam was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1718. He was gifted with a strong mind in an active, vigorous body ; and when a boy he took the lead in his native town in such sports as running, gaming, and wrestling.

The first time he visited Boston, he had quite a rustic look. A boy almost twice his size followed him in the street, laughing at his clothes and making sport of his awkward manners. Young Putnam bore these insults for awhile without saying a word, and tried to pass peaceably on his way ; at length patience with him ceased to be a virtue ; he turned suddenly, caught the fellow and gave him such a drubbing that he begged to be let off and

skulked out of sight—to the great amusement of the spectators. When Putnam was twenty-one years of age he moved to Pomfret, in Connecticut, where he bought a farm and worked hard, clearing up the ground. In those days this country was infested with wolves. One night Putnam had seventy-five sheep and goats killed. It appears that a she wolf and her young ones came to visit this town every year, going away richer, but always leaving the farmers poorer for her call. Sometimes the whelps were killed, but the old wolf always made out to escape, and the only glimpse of her they had obtained as yet was the toes of one foot she once left in a steel trap. It did not suit one of Putnam's courage to be treated in this way, and he, with five others who had been robbed, took his turn going in search of her. One morning after a light snow had fallen they tracked the wolf about three miles from the village, where they found she had a den in a ledge of rocks.

The place where she entered was on the east side, in an opening of about two feet each way. A man could not stand erect anywhere in the den, and at the broadest part it was not over three feet in width. The good news spread rapidly among the farmers, and soon a crowd collected to help catch the wolf. They brought guns, dogs, straw, fire, and brimstone. At first the dogs were in great haste to enter the den, but soon came out with their tails dropped between their legs and so badly scratched no coaxing or driving could induce them to return. Straw soaked in brimstone was then crowded into

the den and set on fire, in order to suffocate the fierce animal with smoke or drive her out of her hiding place. All efforts were in vain. It was ten o'clock at night and the wolf not killed, and if they left her she would surely escape. Putnam did not like to give it up so. He tried once more to



PUTNAM'S WOLF DEN.

make his dog enter, but of no use. He then proposed to his colored man to go in and see if the wolf was dead, and if not shoot her, but he did not relish the idea. Then Putnam said he should go in himself. His neighbors entreated him not to do it, but go he would. He took off his coat and waistcoat, tied long ropes about his legs, so that at a given signal he could be drawn out; then taking a torch of birch bark in one hand, he went head first into

the den. He crawled along on the rocks for the distance of fifteen feet in an oblique direction, next passed through a horizontal passage nearly ten feet in length, but no wolf to be seen as yet. Then there was a gradual ascent of sixteen feet, which he climbed on his hands and knees, until in the farthest corner he saw the fierce old wolf with her eyeballs glaring directly at him. She uttered a terrible growl. Putnam gave the signal, and was drawn out so quickly that his shirt was drawn over his head and his body cut with the stones in several places. His friends heard the wolf and feared he was hurt. He now loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, and with his torch in one hand and musket in the other entered the den for the second time. He approached nearer and nearer to the wolf, and when she was just ready to spring at him he aimed and fired. The noise of firing in so small a place gave him such a shock he was not conscious until drawn out into the pure air. He waited a short time for the smoke to escape. Then into the den he went for the third time. Seeing the wolf very quiet, he went near enough to touch her nose with his torch ; finding she was lifeless he took her by the ears, gave the signal by kicking the rope, and both were drawn out of the dismal den. Such a shout as went up from the crowd that dark night was not often heard at so late an hour in the land of steady habits !

During the French war Putnam had command of the first soldiers sent from Connecticut. He was of great service to the army when Crown Point was taken by the British, and in 1757, was promoted to

the rank of major by the legislature of the state. Frequently, when stationed near Ticonderoga, his courage led him into places from which his flight seemed almost a miracle. At one time in an affair with the French and Indians, Putnam escaped with twelve bullet holes in his blanket. Again in 1758, when he was stationed near Fort Edward to watch the enemy, he was unexpectedly surrounded by a party of soldiers larger than his own, and though he fought fiercely, was taken prisoner. The Indians bound him to a tree in a place where the balls from both armies fell all about him. After the battle they decided to roast him alive. They piled up the dry brush around him and set it on fire. A sudden shower of rain extinguished the flame. Still the savages strove to rekindle it until the blaze again appeared. At this moment the French commander Molang, who had but just heard of the act, rushed to his rescue and saved his life. Putnam was carried to Montreal and remained a prisoner for many months, but was finally exchanged through the influence of Colonel Schuyler, who was taken captive at the same time.

When peace was declared between France and England Major Putnam returned to his farm. He was in the field ploughing when the news arrived of the battle of Lexington. He unyoked his oxen, left his plough in the furrow, and without stopping to change his clothes, started for Cambridge, Massachusetts. After learning the true state of affairs he returned to Connecticut, raised a regiment and went back to the camp. He showed such courage

and activity he was soon promoted to the office of Major General. He was in the battle at Bunker's Hill, and as he knew that powder and shot were scarce he gave this order to his men : "Boys, keep cool ! keep cool ! don't fire a gun till you see the whites of their eyes, and then bore it into them." His soldiers gained great honor for the work they accomplished that day. After the retreat he made a stand and drove back the enemy, when some of his men, for want of ammunition, had to fight with the butt end of their muskets. When General Washington was appointed commander of the army he sent General Putnam to Brooklyn, Long Island, in charge of the reserve. Through some oversight a road was left carelessly guarded, and the British approached the American troops in front and rear. The soldiers fought bravely, but at last were obliged to yield to the superior force of the enemy. During the winter General Putnam had charge of the works built to fortify Philadelphia. In 1777, he was stationed at Princeton, New Jersey, where a little affair of interest occurred. The general had a prisoner, a British captain, who was very sick and was anxious to have an officer come from the British army to assist him in making his will. General Putnam wanted to grant the wish of the dying man, but feared lest the enemy should by that means discover how few men he had with him. So he sent a flag of truce and directed that the man be brought after dark. That evening he gave orders to have all the rooms in the college lighted, also a light placed in every vacant house in town. No remarks

were made. The British officer returned to the camp and reported that General Putnam had not less than four or five thousand men under his command. In the spring of 1779, General Putnam had charge of the encampment at Reading, Connecticut, but happened to be in West Greenwich when General Tryon made his raid into that state. It was early in the morning, and as General Putnam stood shaving himself he saw the red coats reflected in the glass as they were coming down the road. He dropped his razor, and with his face half shaved he collected what forces he could and started in pursuit. He made a stand on the brow of a steep hill in Horseneck, a place in West Greenwich. He placed the two old iron cannon, which he had found, near the church, and with his army of one hundred and fifty men he poured a steady fire upon the enemy. Their number was so great it had but little effect. Seeing that his forces must be captured if they remained longer in that position, he told his men to retreat to a swamp near and save themselves if possible. The hill on one side was very steep, and the inhabitants to save the trouble of going around had placed a short distance apart about one hundred steps. General Putnam wheeled about, put spurs to his horse and rode down the side of the hill at full gallop. His pursuers came to the brink but did not dare follow. They fired at him and a bullet passed through his hat, but he escaped uninjured. Since that eventful day a road has been cut over the hill, the rocks blasted, and the steps removed ; so we cannot form any idea of the dangerous ride

by visiting the spot. When General Putnam was in command at the Highlands the British General Tryon sent him a long and very insulting letter, holding forth terrible threats if a lieutenant in his army, who had been taken as a spy, was not returned in all haste. General Putnam sent this cool reply :

A. M.—SIR:—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your service, was taken in my camp as a spy—he was tried as a spy—he was condemned as a spy—and he shall be hanged as a spy.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"P. S.—Afternoon.—He is hanged."

General Putnam was the one who first saw the natural advantages of West Point, and proposed that site for a fort to General Washington. The last active work of his life was his labor in strengthening the fortifications at that place. In the year 1779, the activity of his body was impaired by a kind of paralysis, but his mind remained clear and strong to the day of his death. He spent his last years in retirement with his relatives in Connecticut, and died at Brooklyn in that state. His monument stands in the grave yard south of the village. On the marble slab at the top is this inscription :

"This monument is erected to the memory of the Honorable Israel Putnam, Esq., Major General in the armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, in the state of Connecticut, on the 29th day of May. A. D. 1790. Pas-

senger, if thou art a soldier, go not away till thou hast dropped a tear over the dust of a Hero, who, ever tenderly attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any one dared to follow. If thou art a Patriot, remember with gratitude how much thou and thy country owe to the disinterested and gallant exertions of the Patriot who sleeps beneath this marble. If thou art an honest, generous, and worthy man, render a sincere and cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial ; and who, with a slender education, with small advantages, and without powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem and to offices of eminent distinction by personal worth and by the diligent service of a useful life."

XV.

ETHAN ALLEN.

In the cold month of January, 1737, in the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, Ethan Allen first saw the light. When a boy he was considered a brave fellow by his companions, and though his love of the ludicrous sometimes placed him in rather difficult positions, he was generally found on the side of right. A story is related of him which illustrates his character. In those days good school buildings were not as frequently found in country towns as at the present time. Any house with roof and sides was considered fit for a school. It appears that in the district where young Allen attended, a building was hired which had once been used as a place for killing animals, and the ring or staple still remained in the beam overhead, with the ropes in the pulley fastened one side, out of the way, which had been used in drawing up the cattle to dress. The teacher was an old man, and when tired would sit in his straight-backed arm chair until he fell asleep. Into Allen's active brain came the thought of having a little fun. It was to loosen the ropes, slip them under the chair, and, when made fast, very slowly to raise chair and teacher to the wall. He quietly whispered his plan to the boys, who, of course, were ready for any sport. Soon,

Allen, with two or three others, was steadily pulling at one end of the rope. Up, up, up it went until the back of the chair reached the beam. Never was there more perfect order in a school room than when this was being carefully secured. The teacher slept soundly until some scholar laughed aloud, when he suddenly awoke. As soon as the old gentleman realized his situation he ordered the scholars in an angry manner to let him down, and said he would flog every boy in school who had a hand in such a mean act. Those who laughed at first now began to grow frightened. When the teacher ceased speaking Ethan Allen rose and very calmly said: "Sir, we will let you down on one condition, and that is you must first promise not to punish a single scholar." "No, no, not I, you young rogue, you need not ask me to make such a promise, when you all know you deserve a good whipping," said the angry man. "Sir," continued Allen, "we read in our spelling book this morning, 'When the cat sleeps the mice will play.'" A faint smile came over the face of the schoolmaster, he hesitated a moment, then said, "That is so—very true—so you think *I* was to blame to go to sleep do you? Well, well, let me down and be quiet about it and the next time *the cat sleeps the mice may play*." In a short time the teacher was safely lowered to the floor, and all were busily at work over their books. The boys did not forget that though Allen led them into the mischief he helped them out of it. After that day the master was never caught napping.

When Ethan Allen was a young man his parents

moved to Vermont. He soon joined the party which was in opposition to the government of New York. The trouble originated in this way. The territory of Vermont was settled at first by men who received their grants from New Hampshire. The English government afterwards decided it belonged to New York, and the rulers of that state, instead of giving possession to those who were settled there, tried to drive them off from their farms by force ; the owners of course made resistance. They were called " Green-Mountain Boys," and Allen became so noted a leader a reward was offered for him if he could be captured. His friends were many and true, and not one would betray him. The battle of Lexington led every patriot to forget all minor difficulties and rush at once for the defense of the country. The proposal was made to Col. Allen from some gentlemen in Connecticut to raise a company, and they would assist in paying the expense, to make an attack upon the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, for it was reported that they were not guarded by strong garrisons. He raised two hundred and thirty men, and on his way was joined by Col. Benedict Arnold, who had planned an attack at the same place, and with a smaller force from Massachusetts was about to execute it. To Col. Allen was given the general command, and Arnold was second in power. In order to know the position of the fort at Ticonderoga and the number of British soldiers stationed there, a Captain Phelps from Connecticut dressed himself like a tramp and one day strolled into the fort and asked for a

barber, saying he wanted to be shaved. He acted in so awkward a manner, and made such simple inquiries about what he saw, the inmates had not the least thought of his being a spy. He returned to the American army with all the information they desired, and that night the troops started forward. They marched quietly through the country until they reached Lake Champlain, where they found some difficulty in obtaining boats to cross; then were delayed with a discussion between the two Colonels as to who should first enter the fort—Col. Arnold thinking as he conceived the plan of the attack he should enter first. The dispute was decided by the proposal of an officer that both should enter at the same time—Col. Allen at the right and Arnold at the left hand. Early in the morning on the 10th of May, 1775, the officers, with eighty-three soldiers, entered the harbor leading to the fort. Col. Allen made a short and stirring speech to the men, asking all who were ready to follow him in this daring enterprise to poise their firelocks. All were ready. At the head he marched through the wicket gate, where a sentry was stationed, who snapped his musket at him and then fled. Steadily they marched along the path until they passed into the fort, and the colonels formed the soldiers in such a manner as to face the two opposite barracks. They could remain silent no longer. Three loud huzzas awoke the sleeping garrison. One sentry, who wanted protection, sought it by pointing out the commander's room. Never was a man more thoroughly surprised than Capt. De LaPlace. Half

dressed he rushed from his apartment. Col Allen stepped up to him and pointing his sword at his breast, in a loud voice said, "Sir, surrender this fort." The captain asked, "By whose authority do you demand this?" "I demand it in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress," boldly answered Colonel Allen. The commander was so terrified at this action, and at seeing the American soldiers all about him, he gave up the keys of the fort and surrendered its contents without a gun being fired. They took forty-nine prisoners and some valuable stores. The same day Crown Point was taken by Col. Warner and his troops without shedding of blood. Twice in one year Colonel Allen visited Canada and persuaded many of the people there to be friendly to the American cause. In the fall of 1775, Colonel Allen, with eighty Canadians and one hundred and ten Americans, made an attack upon the British forces at Montreal. He expected Col. Brown to work with him; as he did not arrive at the time appointed, Col. Allen, almost rashly, fought against five hundred, and not until his men began to desert him and he had retreated a mile, would he surrender his sword. After he had given it up he barely escaped being killed; a savage pointed his gun at him, but he stepped quickly behind the officer who had taken his weapon, and using him as a shield he was protected. Col. Allen was now put in irons and received very cruel treatment. He was sent as a prisoner to England, and during the voyage was often assured that when he arrived there he would be

hung by the neck until he was dead. Instead of hanging they confined him in a castle until the middle of winter, when they again placed him on board a vessel and sent him in a round-about way to Halifax, where he remained in jail for many months. In October he was shipped, with others, to New York. During the trip the captain of the vessel was very kind to him, and Col. Allen was the means of saving his life. There was one bold prisoner on board who conceived the plan of killing the captain and seizing the vessel, but could not carry his designs into execution without the assistance of Col. Allen. This he could not obtain, for he protested against such a base act and broke up the plot. Thus the captain of the vessel received a direct reward for his kindness to one in trouble. When Col. Allen arrived in New York he received much better treatment. For more than two years he had been a prisoner, and the confinement began to affect his health. He grew so feeble the officers granted him more freedom than was given to others, and would frequently permit him to walk a short distance on parole. In the month of May, 1778, he was exchanged for a British officer of the same rank. Col. Allen's first act after gaining his liberty was to present himself to Gen. Washington and offer his services as soon as he should be able to fight. The news of his release spread rapidly through the country. On his way to Vermont he received every possible attention from the people in the villages through which he passed. When he arrived at his home the cannons were fired, which were standing

loaded, ready at the first sight of his face to announce the fact to his friends and neighbors, who gathered in crowds, with shouts of joy to give him a hearty welcome. Col. Allen was not able again to join the army in active service. He was promoted to the office of general, and had control of all the militia in the state of Vermont. After the war some British leaders, knowing his power and influence over the "Green-Mountain Boys," offered him a sum of money to induce him to go through the state and persuade the citizens to sign a petition to have Vermont joined to Canada, but he was not the man to accept a bribe nor take part against his country. He was noted for his integrity. Once he gave his note to a person for one hundred and fifty dollars, and when the time arrived for payment he was unable to raise the money—consequently he was sued. He engaged a lawyer to intercede for him and have the settlement postponed until he could make payment. Great was the surprise of Gen. Allen when his lawyer in court denied the signature of the note. He rose instantly and said, "Sir, I didn't hire you to come here and lie. That's a true note. I signed it and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling. All I want is time." His request was granted, and the debt soon paid. Gen. Allen wrote several pamphlets. He had not received a thorough education and he often expressed himself in a rough manner. His first printed document was a statement of the troubles between Vermont and New York, in which he vigorously defended the inhabitants of the former state for op-

posing the government of the latter. His arguments had a great influence upon the minds of the people. He also published an account of his prison life, which was filled with sad but interesting facts, and was read by many. His other writings were not circulated to any extent. Gen. Allen died suddenly at his estate in Colchester, Vermont, at the age of fifty-two years.

XVI.

ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn. He moved to New Haven when a young man, and was employed in a drug store there for several years. Not liking the business he went to sea, and in time became master of a vessel. Once a complaint was made against him to the authorities for importing contraband goods, and he was ordered to receive forty lashes with a small cord as a punishment. Captain Arnold defended himself with the plea that the English acts were so oppressive that every sensible man ought to try and encourage trade and not listen to those who informed against such captains.

The news of the battle of Lexington reached New Haven in the night ; the ringing of bells and

the firing or cannon awoke all the people. Captain Arnold was at that time in command of the Governor's Guards. He called out his company and asked how many would join the army. About forty were ready. In those days powder was very scarce, and he requested the town officers to furnish him with ammunition, but they did not think it best. The next day he marched his soldiers in front of the house where the selectmen were holding a meeting, and sent in word that if the keys of the powder house were not given him in five minutes he should give orders to his men to break the building open and help themselves. The keys were delivered, and soon the New Haven boys, well supplied, marched on their way. The people in every village through which they passed treated them kindly and they received much praise for their good looks and conduct. When they reached Cambridge they occupied a fine mansion which had belonged to a wealthy royalist. It was the only company that arrived all ready for action. Even a British officer expressed surprise at their soldier-like appearance.

Captain Arnold was promoted to the office of colonel, and took an active part in the capture of the fort at Ticonderoga, as has been stated in the sketch of the life of Ethan Allen. After this victory and the one at Crown Point, all that prevented the control of Lake Champlain by the Americans was an armed sloop belonging to the British, which lay at the north end of it. Colonel Arnold determined to take it. He fitted out a schooner with arms and men, sailed up the lake, surprised and captured

the vessel, and the wind changing suddenly, in an hour he sailed back with his prize. All were pleased with his bravery, and in a short time eleven hundred soldiers were placed under his command, and he was sent on an expedition to Canada.

The state of Maine was then a wilderness. It was the month of September when they started on their perilous journey. The troops were taken in large transports to the mouth of the Kennebec, then entered small boats to ascend the river. It was a difficult task; they often rowed against wind and tide, and sometimes were obliged to land and carry their boats around the rapids and cataracts. When they left the river and started on their march they had to wade through swamps and climb over precipices, and they found the snow so deep and the trees so thick they frequently had to cut their way. Some days they could not advance more than seven or eight miles. They had lost some of their provisions and now they suffered for want of food. They had to kill their dogs to eat, and some were so starved they ate the leather on their cartridge boxes. For the last thirty miles their sufferings were very great; still Colonel Arnold encouraged his soldiers under all these difficulties to persevere and they should soon receive help.

The first village they entered was settled by French Canadians, who generously supplied all their wants. The British were in possession of Quebec and did not know that an expedition had been sent to take it. Colonel Arnold obtained some canoes, crossed the river St. Lawrence, as-

cended the Heights of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe had been before him, and demanded the surrender of the fort ; but the British officer would not, and fired upon his flag. His force was not sufficient to take it by storm, and it was too late to attempt it by surprise, so he withdrew a short distance with his soldiers until General Montgomery arrived from Montreal with his men. On the first of December, 1775, they commenced the siege of Quebec and continued it for nearly a month to little or no effect. Then they formed the bold plan of scaling the walls. One morning, under the cover of a snow storm, two attacks were made at the same time in different places by the soldiers of Montgomery and Arnold. They passed the first barrier, and while attempting to carry the second the brave General Montgomery fell, to the loss and grief of America. Colonel Arnold pushed forward until a musket ball struck him in the leg and he was carried off the field by his men. About one hundred soldiers were killed and three hundred taken prisoners. Colonel Arnold then retreated to a point about three miles below the city, and there blockaded it for the rest of the winter. Though provisions were very scarce and expensive the British general, Carleton, should ever be remembered with honor for his kind treatment of the American prisoners. In the spring so many of the men sickened and died Colonel Arnold withdrew his forces from Canada.

In the year 1777, the British made an attack upon Connecticut, in order to destroy some public stores

of powder and beef. General Arnold was ordered to attack them in the front at Ridgefield. He went very near to the troops before there was any firing. Then scores of guns were discharged in an instant. General Arnold's horse was killed, but he was not hurt. In trying to escape a British soldier was just in the act of striking him with his bayonet, when Arnold fired and he fell dead. As soon as possible the general mounted another horse and pursued the enemy. There was some severe fighting and his second horse was wounded in the neck, but not killed. The British numbered so many more men they were able to finish their work of destruction. It was during this raid that General Wooster received his death wound, and when the members of Congress heard an account of the engagement they resolved to erect a monument to his memory. They also presented General Arnold with a fine horse all equipped for war.

In the battle of Saratoga, fought October seventh, 1777, General Arnold acted a very conspicuous part. He was again wounded in the leg. As he was now too lame for active service, General Washington appointed him commander at Philadelphia. Here he led a very gay life. He married for his second wife a beautiful and accomplished lady whose father was a royalist, and of course opposed to the war. General Arnold gave good dinners, drove fast horses, lived in style, and spent a great deal of money. He strove at first to pay his numerous debts by gambling, not succeeding, he tried what was still worse—cheating the government. He made numerous

charges for things never purchased ; complaint was made against him and Congress ordered a court martial to try him. He was found guilty, but owing to his former deeds of valor he was treated very leniently. General Washington was appointed to reprimand him. This he was grieved to do, but it was his duty, and he did it in as kind a manner as possible.

Arnold was very angry and determined to revenge. The friends of his wife encouraged him to seek it. So instead of reforming his conduct he set himself to work to see how he could accomplish this base purpose. He wrote a very humble letter to General Washington, pretending it did not suit him to live in Philadelphia, and asking for the command of West Point. The General hesitated before granting this request, but some of the officers recounted Arnold's brave deeds and urged that the place be given him.

West Point is about sixty miles from New York, on the Hudson. It was a very important post, and the powder for the American army was kept there. The fort commanded the river opposite excepting at one point. There a large chain, the links made of iron two inches thick, was fastened to the rocks on both sides and kept afloat by logs in the middle of the stream. No vessel could pass it. After Arnold received the appointment and arrived at West Point he very politely thanked General Washington for granting him the place, while at the time he was corresponding with a British officer about the surrender of the fort. For perform-

ing this treacherous act Arnold wanted them to pay him a large sum of money and give him a high position in the army. All this they agreed to do. General Washington was obliged to leave the fort at this time to visit Hartford on some important business, and the plan was to surrender the fort the day before he returned. Everything worked well for the traitor until Major Andre, the British officer who was returning to New York with the necessary papers, was captured. The very day Arnold expected the British troops to take possession the news arrived that Andre was caught. Just as he stood thinking what to do, two officers brought him word that General Washington would be there in a few hours. He rushed to his quarters, told his wife to burn all his papers, for he must fly to New York. He hastened to the river, jumped into his boat and told the men to row him to the British sloop, which was waiting for Andre. He hurried on board, it spread sail and started for New York. From this vessel he wrote to General Washington, justifying his conduct and asking protection for his wife and infant child. In a few days Mrs. Arnold was conducted safely to her husband.

When General Washington arrived at the fort his first inquiry was for General Arnold. The soldiers told him what they had seen ; but all was a mystery—no one knew why he had fled. Just at this time the messenger bearing the papers taken from Major Andre arrived at the fort. While General Washington was reading the eyes of all present were fastened upon him. He was a man of great

self-control, but he trembled and turned pale as he said, "Arnold has betrayed us." One officer thought that some of the soldiers might be in league with him. "No," said Washington, "only Arnold could prove a traitor." He was right. Not to one American soldier dare the traitor confide his base secret. All means possible were used to secure the person of Arnold, but in vain. He entered the British army as brigadier general, and was sent with a large force to Virginia. He took Richmond, burnt houses, robbed stores and cruelly treated the people. He seized the negroes and sent a cargo of them to the West Indies, where they were sold and he pocketed the money.

In the year 1781, Arnold was mean enough to accept the charge of an expedition against his native state, in order if possible to capture the two forts at the mouth of the Thames river. Fort Trumbull was easily taken, but Fort Griswold was defended for a time with great bravery. After the soldiers had surrendered a British officer entered the fort and inquired who commanded it. Colonel Ledyard answered, "I did, but you do now," at the same time resigning his sword. The cruel officer took it and immediately plunged it into his heart. Sixty dwelling houses and a large number of stores were burnt in New London at the same time.

At the close of the war Arnold went to England and received ten thousand pounds sterling as the reward of his villainy. There was much in his character to admire: his daring courage and the skill and bravery with which for many years he served

the colonies. But there is still more to despise: he was extravagant, vicious, cruel, and without any firm moral principle. He once inquired of an American captain whom he had taken prisoner, "What do you think the Americans would do with me if I should fall into their hands?" "Do with you! they would cut off your leg wounded in their service and bury it with all the honors of war, the remainder of your body they would hang on a gibbet," was his fearless reply.

The last years of Arnold were very wretched—even those who bought him had no respect for him. He was frequently insulted in the street and sometimes in his own house. He died in 1801, leaving a name covered with infamy.

XVII.

ANDRE, THE SPY.

John Andre entered the British army when only seventeen years of age. He was fine-looking, could read fluently in several languages, and was noted for his very agreeable manners. He soon won the respect and affection of those in power and was promoted to the rank of major. At the time of the Revolution he was aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, and it was to him that the British general confided the plan of taking West Point. It was necessary that some person should go and see Arnold before the fort was taken. Andre urged that he might be selected, and at last Gen. Clinton consented. On the twenty-first of September, 1780, Major Andre went on board the *Vulture*, a sloop-of-war, and it sailed up the Hudson as near to West Point as it could go without exciting suspicion. Arnold sent a boat for him and he landed between the posts of the two armies. It was a dark night, and Andre wore a long gray coat which concealed his uniform. He spent the night at the house of a Mr. Smith so busily plotting with Arnold they were not aware that it was morning until it was too late for him to return to the vessel. Through Arnold's influence and against his own wishes, Andre

was taken within the American lines and concealed through the day.

The next night he discovered that the Vulture had been obliged to drop down the river, as a gun had been brought to the shore and fired at her, and he could not find boatmen who would row him to the vessel. Andre wanted Arnold to order them to go, this he refused to do, for he was afraid if he did that he would be suspected. The only way left for Andre to escape was to go to New York by land. Arnold furnished him with a plain suit of clothes, a horse, and a passport under the feigned name of John Anderson. He passed all the guards safely until he was within sight of the British lines and thought himself secure. Three men belonging to the militia were scouting between the two armies. Two let him pass, the third seized the bridle and stopped his horse. "Where are you bound?" he asked. Andre, instead of showing his passport, answered by asking, "Where do you belong?" "Below," said he. "So do I," answered Andre. Then, supposing the men were from New York, he told them he was a British officer on important business and must hasten forward. At this moment the other two militiamen came up—and too late for him, but just in time for this nation, Andre saw his mistake. The men who made the arrest were John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wert. Andre offered a purse of gold and a new and valuable watch to these men if they would let him pass. They were all poor, but too rich in honor to accept a bribe. They searched him and no papers were

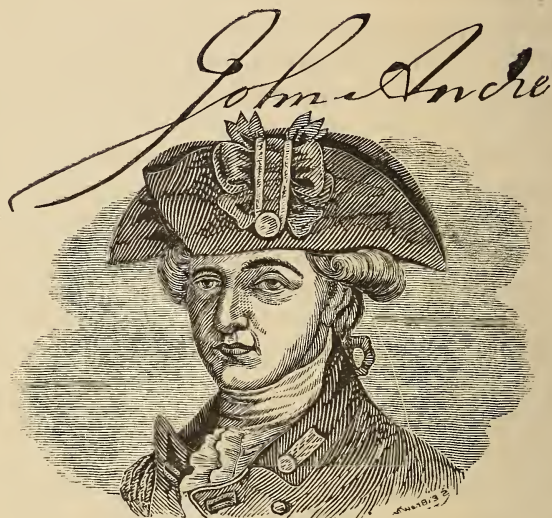
found until they pulled off his boots, when, to their great surprise, plans of the fort at West Point, a letter and other papers were found in Arnold's handwriting, directed to Gen. Clinton. They then took Andre to Col. Jameson, their commander, who could not believe his general was a traitor, and very unwisely allowed him to send Arnold word that he was captured. All the papers taken were sent by a messenger in great haste to Gen. Washington, but missed of him as he was returning from Hartford to West Point by another route ; so they did not reach him until he arrived at the fort.

After sending officers in pursuit of the traitor, the next thing to do was to put the fort in readiness for an attack. In Arnold's letter he told Gen. Clinton where to land, and at what hour, also that he would have most of the soldiers out of the fort at the time, so the British could rush in and take it as if by surprise ; and Gen. Washington thought it best to be all ready for them.

During this time Andre was detained as a prisoner at the house of a Mr. Gilbert in Tappan. A board of fourteen officers, of which Gen. Green was president, met to try the case. They did not examine witnesses, only listened to Andre's confession, which he made in a very truthful manner. On the 29th of September they were agreed on this decision : "That Major Andre ought to be condemned as a spy, and that agreeably to the laws and usages of nations he ought to suffer death." Everything that Gen. Clinton and other influential friends could do was done to save the life of Andre. He was

so young, so brave, so accomplished. Even Gen. Washington would have spared his life if he could have followed the impulse of his kind heart, but he signed the death warrant feeling that his country's welfare demanded that the decision of the board of war should be executed. Andre wrote to Gen. Washington after he heard the result of the trial, asking that he might be shot instead of hung. The question was referred to Gen. Green, who replied, "Andre is either a spy or an honest man. If the latter, to execute him in any way will be murder. If the former, the mode of his death is prescribed by law, and we have no right to alter it." Gen. Washington in kindness did not reply, as he could not grant the request. Andre was treated with great respect by the American officers. He was confined in a room well furnished, and was allowed his own servant to wait upon him, and his meals were frequently sent from Gen. Washington's table. One day in speaking of the character of that great general, Andre said, "What a pity so noble a man should be a traitor to his king!" And again, when a special favor had been granted him by the commander-in-chief, he exclaimed, "O that I might live to speak the praise of so excellent a man!"

The night before his execution, Andre, with pen and ink, drew a likeness of himself, which he afterwards presented to the officer of the guard. The original sketch is still preserved in the College Library at New Haven.



The above engraving, with the facsimile of his handwriting, was copied from a picture taken in London just before he left for America. On the morning of the 2d of October Andre dressed himself with great care in his uniform. While his colored servant was arranging his hair for the last time his grief overcame him and he burst into tears. His master turned and said kindly, "Don't be a child, Peter." Seeing it was nearly time to leave the house, Andre said to his guards, "Gentlemen, I am ready." The fatal hour arrived, and he walked arm in arm with two officers to the place of execution. He shuddered when he came within sight of the gallows, for he did not know until that time that he was to be hung. He said, "I am reconciled

to death, but I detest the mode." He stepped firmly into the wagon used as a scaffold, saying, "It will be but a momentary pang." He then took two white handkerchiefs from his pocket ; with one he bandaged his eyes and passed the other to an officer who loosely bound his hands. Permission was then given him to address the crowd if he desired. He raised the bandage and said with calmness, "I pray you to bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man." He then placed the noose about his neck, the wagon was withdrawn, and in a few seconds he expired. Major Andre was thirty-one years of age at the time of his execution. Many tears were shed by friends and foes—all mourning his untimely death. His body was buried in a plain coffin at the foot of the gallows, where it remained until the year 1821, when it was carried to England and placed near the monument in Westminster Abbey, which years before had been erected by the king in his memory. Andre left a mother and two sisters in England, who in his letter to Gen. Clinton he mentioned with great affection, and committed them to his care.

The three militiamen who could not be bought, each received from Congress a pension of two hundred dollars and a silver medal, on one side of which was a shield with the word "Fidelity" inscribed upon it, and on the other side the motto, "*Vincit amor patriæ*"—the love of country conquers.

XVIII.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Seventy years before the Independence of the United States was declared, Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston. He was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. His father, seeing his great love for books, was anxious to educate him for the ministry, but the wants of his numerous family obliged him to give up the idea, and at ten years of age Franklin was taken from school, where he was making rapid progress, to assist his father in his business of soap and candle-making.

When he was twelve years old he was apprenticed to his brother, who had just returned from England with press and types to establish a printing office in Boston. This work was better suited to his tastes. He spent his time in the evening in reading what he had printed during the day. He boarded himself and lived in a very plain manner, so as to save every cent possible for the purchase of books. He would read them carefully, take notes, and then sell or exchange the old books for others. Franklin, when an old man, said that one small volume which he read at this time, entitled "Essays to do Good," written by Dr. Mather, was the means of influencing his whole life, and whatever act of his which had been for the benefit of

mankind could be indirectly traced to that little book. At school he disliked arithmetic and neglected it. He was soon led to see how necessary it was that he should understand it, so he purchased one and mastered it in one winter. In order to improve his style in writing, he read the essays of Addison, laid them aside for a short time, and then wrote what he could remember in his own language and compared it with the original. In this way he educated himself, and in after years he was noted for his power in expressing his thoughts.

In the year 1720 his brother began to print a new public paper called "The New England Courant." At this time there was but one newspaper printed in this country, and that was "The Boston News Letter." Many of his friends tried to dissuade him, for they said he would certainly fail, for *one newspaper* was sufficient for America. Franklin wrote short essays for this paper without letting his brother know of it, and he was very much pleased to hear persons who visited the office speak in praise of them. At last his brother discovered that he was the author, and treated him with more respect and kindness than he had ever before shown.

Some difficulty arising between the state officers and the editor of the paper, Franklin decided to leave his brother's office and seek employment elsewhere. With a friend named Collins he went on board a sloop for New York, and in a few days found himself in that large city, with but little money and without friends who could assist him. He immediately started in search of work. An old

gentleman to whom he applied told him that he had a son in Philadelphia who wanted to hire a printer. Franklin embarked for that place in a poor vessel and was nearly wrecked. For thirty hours he went without any food, and all he had to drink was salt water or poor rum. At last he reached Amboy ; he walked from there to Burlington, where he found a boat in which he could go to Philadelphia if he would row when there was no wind. He arrived at Market-street wharf in that city about nine o'clock one Sabbath morning. His trunk, which was to come by sea, had not arrived. He was in his working clothes, covered with dirt, his pockets filled with shirts and stockings, and what was worse, he was tired and very hungry. He was not acquainted with a person in the place, and knew not where to find rest or buy food. With one Dutch dollar in his pocket he started off up the street, looking eagerly on both sides until he met a child with a loaf of bread. Franklin asked him where he bought it, then started directly for the shop pointed out, and asked for some biscuits, expecting to find some like those made in Boston. The baker told him they made none of that kind in Philadelphia. He then inquired for a three-penny loaf, and was told they made no loaves of that price. Finding himself ignorant of the different kinds of bread he told the man to give him three-penny-worth of bread of some kind or other—and was surprised at receiving three large rolls. There was no spare room in his pockets, so placing a roll under each arm and eating the third, he walked up the street. He passed

the house of a Mr. Read, whose daughter stood upon the steps, and who, after she became his wife, said in recalling the scene that he presented a most ludicrous appearance. He returned to the boat, and being satisfied with one roll he gave the others to a woman and child on board who were hungry. Franklin feeling refreshed, now started out again and followed a well-dressed crowd to a Quaker meeting house. He entered and soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until the congregation dispersed and one of the members spoke to him about leaving. The next morning, as soon as he could put himself in decent trim, he started for the printer, who said that he had just employed a journeyman, but told him of a man named Keimer who had recently arrived in town and would perhaps employ him. The new printer, after asking a few questions and testing his work, engaged him, and Franklin secured lodgings at the house of Mr. Read. His trunk had arrived in the meantime, and he tried to make a much more creditable appearance than when he first entered the city.

Sir William Keith was at this time governor of the province. Seeing a letter written by Franklin to his brother-in-law, he was surprised to learn his age, and thought he possessed superior talents. He also said that there were none but ignorant printers in Philadelphia, and he had not the least doubt of his success if he would set up for himself. He paid Franklin a great deal of attention, often asking him to dine with him. He finally persuaded him

to go to Boston and see if he could not obtain help from his father to go into business, and he sent with him a letter of recommendation. Franklin's father was a man of good common sense, and he told his son that he was too young to be entrusted with affairs of importance. He must first earn the money and acquire more knowledge of the world. This advice did not suit the ambitious young man nor the flattering governor, who decided to fit him out at his own expense, and proposed to Franklin to go to England and purchase the press and type, and he would give him letters of credit to his friends. In a few months he sailed, supposing the important letters were on board, as Governor Keith had promised to send them directly to the vessel. Great was the surprise of Franklin to find when the mail bag was opened not a single letter directed to his name. He feared that he had been deceived with fair promises, and related the whole affair to an acquaintance, who laughed at him for trusting Governor Keith, and said he could not give letters of credit, for he had no credit himself. All that remained for Franklin to do was to seek employment, which he soon found in a noted printing house in London. There were about fifty workmen in the building, all of whom were in the habit of drinking beer; as Franklin would take nothing stronger than water they called him the American Aquatic. He tried to induce them to leave off drinking, but they said they must have it in order to acquire strength for work. So Franklin would occasionally carry a large form of letters in each hand up and down

stairs when the rest of the workmen used both hands to carry one. In time he prevailed upon some of them to give up their dram.

Franklin made on shipboard the acquaintance of a merchant by the name of Denham, who was of great service to him. This man had failed in business in Bristol, England, and had settled with those he owed for a small sum. He came to America, and by close attention to business he made considerable money. He returned to England on the same vessel with Franklin, and on his arrival invited all of his old creditors to a feast, and each found under his plate a draft upon the bank for the remainder of the debt with interest. This honest gentleman was about to return to Pennsylvania, and prevailed upon Franklin to accompany him and assist him in his business. They sailed on the 23d of July, 1726, and landed at Philadelphia on the 11th of October. For several months the two friends were very happy, they ate and lodged at the same place, and were seldom seen apart until both were taken very sick, and Mr. Denham died of a fever. Franklin almost regretted his own restoration to health after he heard of the death of his friend. Still he continued to gain strength, and he decided to return to printing.

One day on the street he met his old employer, Keimer, who engaged him to take charge of his office with the promise of large wages. Franklin now found the knowledge he had gained in London of great service to him, and soon he had everything in good working order. Then the owner wished to rid himself of so expensive a hand, and

treated him with such disrespect that he left the establishment. With a fellow journeyman Franklin now started in business for himself. He dressed plainly, worked early and late, and did his work so well that business men were willing to trust and assist him. He published a paper which became very popular with the common classes, and soon attracted the attention of the members of the legislature, for he always advocated the rights of the people.

About this time, Franklin, with several young men of his acquaintance, formed a club or debating society, called the Junto. They met one evening every week to improve their minds. Every member in his turn was obliged to propose a question on some point of morality, politics, or philosophy, and once in three months present an essay of his own composition. The questions were given out one week before they were discussed, and all spare time was spent in reading works upon that subject. The debates were not conducted for mere discussion, but with a sincere desire for truth. One year they brought all their books to the club room, so that each member could have the benefit of the others. This led Franklin to think of the public library which he started in Philadelphia in the year 1731, with a few volumes. It has continued to increase until now it is one of the best in the country.

Before Franklin left for England he made professions of attachment and promises of fidelity to Miss Read, but by degrees they were forgotten, and during his absence he wrote but one letter, and that

merely to inform her that he was not likely to return. On his arrival in Philadelphia he heard that by the urgent advice of her parents she had married a man by the name of Rogers, who was a good workman but a worthless character—from whom she soon separated, and did not even bear his name, for it was reported he had another wife living in England. After Franklin commenced business for himself he had some dealing with Mr. Read and was an occasional visitor at his house. The mutual affection revived, and on the first of September, 1730, he was married to Miss Read. He said, "She proved to me a good and faithful companion, and contributed essentially to the success of my shop. We prospered together, and it was our mutual study to render each other happy. Thus I corrected as well as I could the great error of my youth."

Two years after his marriage he began to publish "Poor Richard's Almanack," which was remarkable for the maxims it contained of industry, integrity, and economy. He continued to print it for twenty-five years, and the demand for it was so great that sometimes ten thousand copies were sold in one year. In the almanac of the last year he collected all these proverbs into an address to the reader, called "The Way to Wealth." This has been translated into several languages.

In 1736 Franklin entered political life. He was elected to the office of clerk in the general assembly, and the next year to the more desirable one of postmaster of Philadelphia. He now had the means

and leisure to accomplish more than he had done for the benefit of humanity. In one of his first letters to his mother he wrote, "I would rather have it said of your son that he lived usefully than that he died rich," and now he proved the truth of his assertion. He organized the first fire company in the city, and suggested the plan of association in insuring houses against losses by fire. He was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and labored to establish a more thorough system of education in the state. He invented an open stove which bore his name, and refused to obtain a patent, for he wished it to benefit mankind. Large numbers were sold, and in some houses in the country they can be seen at the present day.

Franklin now turned his attention to electricity, and read all he could find printed upon that subject. Some German philosophers, with large apparatus, had been able to collect a sufficient quantity to kill birds and set spirits on fire. An account of these experiments was sent to Philadelphia, with a tube and directions for use. Franklin and his friends soon made some important discoveries. He claimed that lightning and electricity were the same, and conceived the bold idea of proving the truth of his theory by drawing down the lightning from the clouds by means of a sharp iron rod raised into that region. He was waiting for the erection of a tower on which to try his experiment, when it occurred to him that he might reach the clouds in an easier way by means of a common kite. He made one by attaching two cross sticks to a silk handkerchief,

and fixed an iron point on the upright stick. The string was of hemp except the lower end, which was of silk. Where the hemp string ended a key was fastened. It was in the summer of 1752 that Franklin, seeing a thunder shower approaching, took his kite, and in company with his son, the only one who knew of his intentions, he went out to the commons and raised it. He stepped under a shed to avoid the rain just as the thunder cloud passed over the kite, but at first no sign of electricity appeared; soon however he saw the fibers of the hemp string begin to stand erect. He touched his knuckles to the key and received a shock. He drew repeated sparks from the key, charged a vial, and made all the experiments usually performed by electricity. Great was his joy at his success. When the news of Franklin's discovery reached Europe some tried to detract from its merit. The very idea that an uneducated American should make discoveries which had escaped the attention of the wise men in France and Germany! Impossible. Truth however prevailed, and the universities of those countries afterwards bestowed many honors on the American philosopher.

At the beginning of the troubles between this country and England, Franklin labored long and earnestly to prevent war. He was for many years a member of the assembly, and his short, plain speeches on the side of right often silenced more eloquent speakers in favor of oppression. He once wrote a plan of union which appears to have aimed between the interests of both the English and Amer-

icans. It did not suit either. It was not liked in Great Britain because it gave too much power to the colonists, and it did not suit the people here, for they thought it gave too much power to the crown.

Franklin visited England several times on important business for the colonial government. He was there when the stamp act was passed, and he used all his influence to prevent it. Then he found that war was inevitable. He was insulted by the members of the privy council, and when he took off the suit of clothes worn on that occasion he said he would never wear them again until he had signed "England's degradation and America's independence." He waited ten years for the opportunity—but it came on the third of September, 1783, when in the same suit he signed the treaty of peace!

At the time of the war Dr. Franklin was selected as the most suitable person to represent the cause of the colonists in France. He thought at first that he was too far advanced in years, but was willing to assist his country in any possible way. On his arrival in Paris he received many flattering attentions from both statesmen and philosophers. Mr. Jefferson, his successor, wrote to a friend, "There appeared to me more respect and veneration attached to the character of Dr. Franklin in France than to that of any other person in the same country, foreign or native."

In the fall of 1785 Dr. Franklin returned to Philadelphia and expressed a wish to retire from public life, but the people would not allow it, and

he was elected governor of the state. In a few years his health failed and he was obliged to withdraw from active service. The numerous societies in the city of which he was the president used to hold their meetings at his house, so as to have the benefit of his advice when he was unable to go out to attend them. Even after he was confined to his bed his mind remained clear and active. Franklin died on the seventeenth of April, 1790, aged eighty-four years and three months. The news of his death caused sincere grief throughout the country. Congress directed a universal mourning in the United States for thirty days. Eloquent eulogies upon his character were written and spoken not only in his native land, but in England, Germany, and France. To a friend, who once alluded to his numerous political enemies, Dr. Franklin replied—"I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man; for by His grace, through a long life I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, Ben. Franklin has wronged me."

XIX.

INDEPENDENCE.

It has been truly said, "The independence of America was found by those who sought it not." The early settlers of this country loved England, they spoke of it as home and the mother country, and for many years they had not the least thought of forming an independent government.

In the year 1692 a new charter was granted to the colony in Massachusetts, which was less favorable to liberty than the old one. The appointment of the governor, lieutenant-governor, and other important officers, was taken from the colonists and was vested in the crown. The people suffered much in consequence from the insolence of royal officers and the restraints upon trade, still the majority of them tried to secure the favor of those in power. One Edward Randolph, who was sent here by Charles II., used to brag about his evil doings. He said that he crossed the Atlantic sixteen times in nine years to destroy the liberties of New England.

Until the year 1764 the colonists had laid their own taxes. At that time the members of parliament passed an act by which duties were laid on sugar, indigo, coffee, and other articles imported from such West-India islands as did not belong to Great Britain. Though the people felt that it was unjust,

they would probably never have made war if they had been allowed to send a representative to parliament to plead their cause. In the year 1765, the stamp act was passed. This obliged the people to purchase stamps of the government for all important writings, such as notes, bonds, contracts, &c., and all papers not containing one were to be considered worthless. This odious act roused the anger of the people, and they determined to resist it. When the news reached Virginia the house of burgesses was in session. A talented young lawyer named Patrick Henry made an eloquent and stirring speech, which awakened a spirit of resistance in the breast of nearly every person who heard or read it. The first of November, the day on which the stamp act was to take effect, was ushered in by the tolling of bells, and signs of mourning and sorrow were everywhere to be seen among the colonies. In Portsmouth they had a coffin made, with the word Liberty engraved on the plate in large letters. They had a funeral address, in which a great deal was said in praise of the deceased. It was then followed to the grave by a crowd of people, while the minute guns were fired and the bells all tolled. Similar scenes occurred in other places. The people broke open the houses of the crown officers and would not allow the stamps to be landed. They also decided not to import any goods until this odious act was repealed. The cause of the colonists was ably advocated in England by Mr. Pitt and other eminent statesmen. Lord Camden, in an address to the house of lords said, "Taxation and

representation are inseparable, it is an eternal law of nature, for whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own, no man has a right to take it from him without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it attempts an injury ; whoever does it commits a robbery." So the stamp act was repealed.

At the same time parliament passed another act, claiming they had the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. In June, 1767, a duty was imposed on tea, paper, glass, and painters' colors. In order to enforce this act a custom house was established in Boston, and in September, 1768, two British regiments arrived there. The women, as well as men, denied themselves every luxury, and finally every tax was repealed excepting the one on tea. The presence of the soldiers to this high-spirited people was a great annoyance. They had nothing to do and were continually quarreling with some of the citizens. On the 5th of March, 1770, an affray took place between some of the troops and the inhabitants of Boston, in which three of the latter were killed. This was called "The Boston Massacre."

A story is told of the boys, which occurred about this time. They were in the habit of building large hills of snow on the Common and sliding from them on to the pond. The British soldiers would go and beat them down. They complained to the captain and he made sport of them. At last they called a meeting of the largest boys and sent them to Gen. Gage, the commander-in-chief. He received them kindly and asked what they wanted.

"We came, sir," said the largest boy, "to demand satisfaction." "What," said the general, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion and sent you to show it here?" "Nobody sent us, sir," answered the boy; "we have never injured your troops, but they have trodden down our snow hills and broken the ice on our skating grounds. We complained and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed for the third time, and, sir, we will stand it no longer." Gen. Gage listened attentively while the boy was speaking, then turned to an officer at his side and said, "The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." He then said to the group of children, "You may go, my brave boys, and be assured if my troops trouble you again they shall be punished."

In a short time the merchants began to trade as usual, but no tea was brought. The East-India company soon had seventeen million pounds on hand. They sent loaded ships to Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. The people were determined it should not be landed or sold. In Charleston it was stored in damp cellars and spoiled. In Philadelphia some boxes were destroyed and the rest remained in the vessels; but in Boston, as it was sent to the friends of the royal governor, Hutchinson, the citizens feared it would be sold, and requested the governor to send it back to England, as had been done in New York. This he refused to do. So one night a number of persons, disguised

like Indians, went on board the vessels and threw three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the harbor. In March, 1774, a message containing an account of the tea party was sent to parliament. Many of the members were very angry, and in the spirit of revenge against Massachusetts, and particularly against Boston, a bill was passed which ordered them to restore the value of the tea, and forbid any goods being landed there until this was done. This act was called "The Boston Port Bill."

The government was soon removed to Salem. Numerous presents were sent from all over the country to the citizens of Boston with many expressions of sympathy. On the 4th of September, 1774, deputies from eleven of the colonies met at Philadelphia, and having formed themselves into a congress, elected Peyton Randolph of Virginia President. This body was composed of fifty-five members, most of whom were men of splendid talents and stern patriotism, and is generally known by the name of the Continental Congress. They sent a letter to Gen. Gage urging him to desist from all military operations, lest differences which could not be settled should arise between the colonies and the British government.

In April, 1775, Gen. Gage sent a body of troops to Concord to seize the military stores belonging to the Americans. He was very quiet about it, and did not intend the people should hear of it until the soldiers arrived in town. In some way it was discovered, and though his troops marched in the night, very early in the morning on

the 19th of April, 1775, as they passed through Lexington they found about seventy men under arms stationed on the green, awaiting their arrival. The British officer, Major Pitcairn, rode up to them and cried with a loud voice, "Disperse, disperse, you rebels, throw down your arms and disperse." His orders not being obeyed he ordered his men to fire upon them. Eight Americans were killed and several wounded.

The news of this battle spread like wildfire through the country. The people were now thoroughly awake. Everywhere the cry was repeated, "War has begun!" and the response was, "To arms, then—liberty or death!" An army of twenty thousand men was soon collected from the vicinity of Boston, and the next week Gen. Putnam arrived with more soldiers from Connecticut. Every effort was made to secure military stores. Gen. Gage was now so closely besieged in Boston his provisions became scarce. It was in May of this year that Colonels Allen, Arnold, and Warner captured the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on the western shore of Lake Champlain.

On the tenth of May the Continental Congress again assembled at Philadelphia, and John Hancock of Massachusetts was chosen president. Among other measures they voted to raise an army of twenty thousand men, and appointed George Washington, a young officer who had distinguished himself in the French and Indian war, commander-in-chief. He took command of the army at Cambridge the third of July, 1775. The Americans were deter-

mined if possible to drive the British troops from Boston ; to accomplish this purpose they sent Col. Prescott with a thousand men to throw up a breast-work on Bunker Hill, in Charlestown. They worked so silently and rapidly, in one night they made a redoubt eight rods square. At daylight, when the British discovered them, they fired from their vessels and from the height in Boston, still the soldiers kept to work all the forenoon and lost but one man. On the seventeenth of June Gen. Howe, with an army of three thousand British troops, marched to make an attack upon the works. The American soldiers, urged forward by such brave officers as Gen. Putnam, Warren, and others, were eager for a battle. They reserved their fire until the forces of the enemy were very near to the breast-work, then taking a steady aim and standing on higher ground, they poured upon the British a deadly fire. They fell by hundreds ; whole ranks were swept away. Twice the British retreated towards the shore. The officers rallied the soldiers, and with some fresh troops commenced the third attack, and then from the failure of ammunition the Americans were obliged to retreat. The loss of the English amounted to one thousand and fifty-four killed and wounded ; that of the Americans to four hundred and fifty-three, and among their killed was the lamented Gen. Warren and other brave officers. The British set fire to Charlestown at the time of this battle, and several hundred houses were burned.

While hostilities were going on at the north, Lord Dunmore had taken the military stores at Norfolk,

Virginia, but was driven back and a pestilence destroyed many of his men. The royal governors in North and South Carolina were expelled by the people. In October, 1775, Gen. Gage left for England, and Gen. William Howe was appointed commander of the British army in America. During the winter Gen. Washington made up his mind to make another effort to drive the enemy from Boston. He placed a battery on Dorchester Heights, where he could fire upon the vessels in the harbor as well as upon the town. The day that Gen. Howe expected to attack the works there was a terrible storm, and soon they were made so strong it was useless. So all that was left for him to do was to quit the city. Gen. Washington entered Boston in great triumph on the 17th of March, 1776. In June there was an attack made by the British at Charleston, South Carolina, but Col. Moultrie obliged them to retreat, and in honor of his bravery the fort has since been called by his name.

The Continental Congress was now in session, and Richard Henry Lee, the member from Virginia, made a motion, which he supported with an eloquent speech, that the colonies declare themselves *free and independent*. A committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Philip Livingston, was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence, which was accepted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776. The majority of the people hailed this act with joy, and by the ringing of bells and bonfires on the hilltops the news spread swiftly throughout the land. In New

York there was a statue of George III. made of lead ; it was taken to pieces and used for musket balls.

The days of trial and suffering were now at hand. There were still some persons who favored the royalists ; they were called tories, and they often acted as spies for the British officers. After Gen. Howe left Boston he went to Halifax, where he remained two months, and then started for New York. Gen. Washington had anticipated this move and had sent soldiers there to defend it. The British troops numbered three thousand, well disciplined and every want supplied. The American soldiers only numbered twelve hundred, and many of them knew nothing of a military life, but they fought well. The British conquered, and Fort Washington on the Hudson was captured with twenty-eight hundred men. Gen. Washington seeing he could not defend himself in New York, under the cover of a thick fog, wisely retreated ; thus the control of Long Island and New York city passed into the hands of the British, where it remained during the war.

It was soon after the retreat that Gen. Washington, wishing to secure some knowledge of the movements of the enemy, advised Capt. Nathan Hale, a promising young officer, to go to Long Island as a spy. Disguised as a schoolmaster he passed from one fort to another and obtained all the desired information. On his return he was captured by some tories and taken before Gen. Howe. Without even a form of trial he was sentenced to be executed the next morning. Not the least comfort was granted him and he was denied even a Bible. In a most heartless

manner he was conducted to the place of execution. On the scaffold he uttered the memorable words, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." In December, 1776, Gen. Washington crossed the Delaware river at Trenton and captured nine hundred prisoners. This act encouraged the people.

A very sad incident occurred in the month of August, 1777. It was the murder of Miss Jane McCrea. Her father was a minister in New Jersey and died before the war, and she resided with her brother, Col. McCrea of Albany. She was engaged to marry a Capt. David Jones, who was a British officer. Miss McCrea was on a visit to a friend who lived not far from Fort Edward. One Sabbath morning some Indians came to the house, and in their fright the inmates rushed to the cellar to secrete themselves, but the savages dragged them out and obliged them to go with them in the direction of the British camp, for a reward was then offered for every captive. The two Indians who had Miss McCrea in charge soon met another party, and as some difficulty arose between them about the reward, they struck her with a tomahawk, tore off her scalp and carried it to the British army. Various accounts of the thrilling story spread through the country and the people were enraged. Gen. Gates wrote a letter to Gen. Burgoyne and demanded an explanation. The British officer indignantly denied having anything to do with the affair. The Indians claimed afterwards that she was shot by a party who fired at them, and they scalped her so as not



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to lose the whole reward. Her body was buried about three miles from Fort Edward. She was a very amiable and accomplished young lady and highly esteemed by all her acquaintances. When her lover heard of her death he was almost frantic with grief; he resigned his office in the army and went to Canada. He was ever after subject to fits of melancholy. On the anniversary of the sad day he would shut himself in his room and neither eat nor speak. At last he died of a broken heart.

On the 7th of October, 1777, an important battle was fought near Saratoga, and the British general, Burgoyne, was obliged to surrender. This victory led the French nation to acknowledge the independence of the colonies, and they soon sent ships and troops to assist them. The British now sought to bring about a reconciliation. But it was too late. The members of Congress would not listen to any proposal which did not grant perfect freedom to the thirteen states they represented. They next tried bribing some of the members. One man named Joseph Reed, to whom they made an offer, answered, "I am not worth purchasing; but poor as I am, your king has not money enough to buy me."

In the year 1778 Gen. Howe left for England, and Gen. Clinton took his place. In 1780 Charleston in South Carolina was taken by the British after a brave defense under Gen. Lincoln. In August of the same year Gen. Gates was removed by Congress from the southern department and Gen. Greene appointed in his place.

In the summer of 1781 Gen. Washington, who

had been threatening the British army in New York, now moved rapidly to the south, and when Gen. Clinton supposed he was on his way to Staten Island, he had crossed the Delaware river. A French fleet under Count de Grasse arrived in September and blockaded the James and York rivers, thus cutting off all aid from New York to the British army under Gen. Cornwallis at Yorktown. Gen. Washington continued his march with sixteen thousand soldiers, seven thousand of whom were Frenchmen, and on the 6th of October they commenced their work at Yorktown. On the 14th two redoubts were taken, and Gen. Cornwallis, being discouraged at not receiving aid, made an effort to escape. A violent storm arose and he was obliged to return to his fortifications, which were almost destroyed by constant firing. On the 19th of October, 1781, Gen. Cornwallis surrendered. As the troops were about to march out and lay down their arms, Gen. Washington said to his soldiers, "My boys, let there be no exultation over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms don't huzza—posterity will huzza for you!" This victory filled the country with such rejoicing as had never before been known. Gen. Washington ordered divine service throughout the army. All hearts united in thanksgiving to God, for it was expected that the great struggle for independence was ended. For more than seven years the war had continued—numerous battles had been fought both at the north and south—great suffering had been endured and hundreds of valuable lives had been sacrificed—still the people had per-

severed in the hope of securing the blessing of a free government. The king and parliament found it was useless to try longer to conquer the Americans. In September, 1783, the treaty of peace was signed, and in November the army was disbanded by Congress. The British troops left New York on the 25th of the same month.

The officers and soldiers in the American army were very much attached to Gen. Washington, and some wished to form a monarchy with him for their king. When they wrote to him about it he replied, "that he viewed such ideas with abhorrence and must reprehend them with severity." The parting between Gen. Washington and his soldiers and officers was an affecting scene. He addressed them in these words, "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then shook hands with each officer and bade him farewell. On the 23d of December Gen. Washington appeared before Congress, and in the presence of a crowd of spectators resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. A profound silence pervaded the assembly during all the exercises. Upon accepting his commission the members of Congress, through their president, expressed in glowing language their high opinion of his wisdom and energy in conducting the war with such success, and invoked the choicest blessings on his future life.

XX.

LAFAYETTE.

Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de LaFayette, was born in the province of Auvergne, in France, on the 6th of September, 1757. He was sent to a college in Paris before he was eight years old and received a liberal education. At the early age of seventeen he was married to a young lady who will long be remembered for her courage, virtue, and affection. Young LaFayette, descending from an aristocratic family, possessing a large fortune, refined and pleasing in his manners, soon became a great favorite at court and had every inducement to lead a life of luxury and gayety. But LaFayette possessed a noble soul. He became very much interested in the struggle for freedom of the colonies in America, and made up his mind to go and assist them. His friends labored to dissuade him and strongly opposed his doing anything of the kind; but LaFayette was not the young man to be turned aside by ridicule from his belief of what was right. He went to Dr. Franklin, then minister from the United States at Paris, and told him of his design. The patriotic man thanked him for his generous offer, but was obliged to tell him that his government was so poor they could not furnish him with a conveyance in which to cross the ocean. Then said the

noble LaFayette, "This is the moment when I can render the most essential service. I will fit out a vessel myself." Unbeknown to his relatives he purchased one, and in April, 1777, with a few friends as brave as himself, he set sail for America. He landed in South Carolina, about sixty miles from Charleston, and was kindly entertained in the family of Major Huger. LaFayette then went to Philadelphia, and with great modesty offered his services to Congress and asked to join the army as a volunteer, and serve without pay. In the month of July he received the honorary rank of major-general without any direct command. It was not long before he became acquainted with Gen. Washington, who not only received him into his family, but into his confidence and affection. LaFayette was just the character to call out the deep love of that strong, noble soul, and ever after he was to the father of this country an adopted son.

In the month of August, 1777, Gen. Howe moved his army forward to take Philadelphia, and Gen. Washington set his soldiers in motion to prevent it. The armies met on the 11th of September at Brandywine. A battle was fought in which Gen. LaFayette shed his blood in the cause of liberty. His bravery and services at this time gave him a firm hold in the affections of the American people. He soon received the command of a division, and remained in the army until 1779, when he visited France in order to secure from the French government assistance to carry on the war. During LaFayette's stay in Paris, Dr. Franklin, in

the name of Congress, presented him with a handsome sword curiously ornamented, as a token of its regard for his bravery. He succeeded in his mission, and the next year, with a large number of soldiers, he landed in Boston.

In 1781 Gen. LaFayette had the portion of the army in Virginia placed under his direct command. He was anxious to capture the traitor Arnold, who was making depredations in that region, but did not succeed, as the French fleet did not arrive at the expected time. As it was he drove him from the state. Gen. LaFayette's army was now in a destitute condition, many of the soldiers were without shoes or comfortable clothes. They were out of money, so he advanced ten thousand dollars to provide for their wants. Nothing but the spirit of a true patriot could have induced him to have shared the sufferings of the American army at this time.

Gen. Cornwallis looked upon LaFayette with scorn, and in ridicule called him "a boy whom he would not let escape him." In October, 1782, he had reason to change his mind, for Gen. LaFayette was in the memorable battle at Yorktown, and was one of the officers who, by his great generalship and hard fighting, captured one of the redoubts in advance of the English main works. When Gen. Cornwallis marched out his army as prisoners he probably had more respect for the "boy."

As soon as the war was over Gen. LaFayette hastened to France. After peace was declared he came to this country to assist in celebrating the fourth of July, 1784. Everywhere the people

hailed him with joy, and during his stay his bust was presented to the city of Paris by the state of Virginia. His farewell address to Congress and his parting with Gen. Washington were the only sad acts which occurred during his visit in this country.

After Gen. LaFayette returned to France he spent his time in laboring for the good of humanity. He favored reform, and was one of those who approved of pulling down the Bastile, the noted prison for political offenders. He loved liberty, both civil and religious, but he did not approve of the course of the mob, and tried to protect the royal family from the fury of the populace. Every one felt that a sincerity of purpose actuated his conduct, and in the year 1790 he received the high appointment of general-in-chief of the national guards. It was impossible for a man to remain long in office in those troublous times ; his troops were divided in feeling, and his judicious conduct led him to be looked upon with jealousy by royalists and republicans. Troubles increased on every side, some of his officers were guilty of treachery, and Gen. LaFayette came near losing his life by assassination. He resigned and retired to one of his estates. The city of Paris offered to reward him for his losses, but he would not accept it. He was presented with a gold medal and a bust of Gen. Washington.

When the war broke out between France and Austria Gen. LaFayette was appointed to a high office in the army. Trouble among the soldiers obliged him to fly for his life ; he was expecting to leave for America, when, with seventeen compan-

ions, he was captured by the Prussians. His troubles affected his health, and for many days his life was in danger. The friend of his youth, Maubourg, who was taken prisoner at the same time, was not allowed to see him. When Gen. LaFayette began to recover he was offered his freedom if he would give up his principles and draw up plans against France. This he indignantly refused to do, so he was taken with his friends and confined in the strong fortress at Magdeburg, on the banks of the Elbe. For one year, in those dark vaults, surrounded by thick stone walls, with doors secured by great iron bars, they remained prisoners. Still they had one source of pleasure, they could see one another for an hour each day, when they were allowed to walk upon the walls. Gen. LaFayette, with a few others, was removed to a damp prison at Neisse, and though his friend Maubourg plead earnestly to go, he was not allowed the privilege. In a short time all of the prisoners were delivered to the Austrians and confined in a strong fortress at Olmutz, one hundred miles northeast of Vienna. Here they were placed in separate dungeons. Everything but their watches and buckles was taken from them for fear of their committing suicide. They were often told they would never be allowed to hear from their families nor receive any news from the outside world. Neither should they ever see anything but four stone walls. A number was given to each, so they should not have the pleasure of being called by name. Gen. LaFayette's health failed so rapidly under this close confinement, the

physician of the prison ordered exercise in the open air. He was allowed to ride, with an officer at his side, two armed men behind him, and a driver in front. Several plans of escape were formed by his friends, but all failed to accomplish the end.

At this time his affectionate wife, who had made every possible effort to obtain her husband's freedom, was confined in a dungeon in Paris, expecting daily to be executed. The death of Robespierre probably saved her life, but it was a long time before she gained her liberty and the means to leave France. She obtained a passport under the name of Mottier, and as an American she traveled to Vienna without being suspected. There she pleaded so eloquently for the liberty of her husband, the Prince de Rosenberg became interested in her case, and secured for her permission to see the emperor, who said he could not promise to free her husband, but would grant her the privilege of sharing his captivity. With thankful hearts Gen. LaFayette's wife and two daughters hastened to that dismal prison. What could have been the feelings of the husband and father at the sight of those dearly-loved faces in his lonely cell? At first he was filled with joy; soon, however, he saw the effect of the poisonous air and rigorous treatment upon their health, and urged them to forsake him. This they refused to do, and for two years they shared his prison life, although his wife in consequence was an invalid the remainder of her days.

Five years after Gen. LaFayette and his party were captured, through the influence of Napoleon

Bonaparte they were set at liberty. In September, 1797, the prison doors were opened and the pale prisoners looked upon the faces of their companions, who had been confined in the same division of the prison for three years and a half without seeing each other's faces or knowing their fate. Madame LaFayette went directly to France, and soon obtained permission for her husband to dwell there. Gen. LaFayette was treated kindly by Gen. Bonaparte, who offered him his protection, but he would not accept of it, for he loved the cause of liberty, and was anxious for France to be a republic like America, and was opposed to Bonaparte's plan of an empire.

He therefore went to Hamburg, where he remained a few years devoting his time to agriculture. After the defeat of the French at the battle of Waterloo, LaFayette appeared in the legislature at Paris and raised the old tri-colored flag with the exclamation, "Liberty, equality, and public order." Again he labored to establish a republican form of government, but all in vain; the mass of the people were not sufficiently educated to sustain it. When the Bourbon family was restored to power, Gen. LaFayette left Paris and spent his time in his pleasant home at LaGrange.

On the 22d of February, 1818, the Americans in France celebrated the birthday of Washington. Gen. LaFayette was present at the meeting and paid an eloquent tribute to the brave soldiers who had fallen fighting for independence in both America and France. When Gen. LaFayette was sixty-seven years of age he expressed a wish to again visit the

United States. As soon as his purpose became known Mr. James Monroe, the president, wrote him a letter extending him a cordial invitation to come and be the guest of the nation. Congress placed a national vessel at his disposal, but he declined it, and in company with his secretary and his son George Washington, he went to Havre and took passage in the *Cadmus*, a merchantman. They sailed July 12, 1824, and after a voyage of thirty-four days arrived in New York. As he entered the bay he was welcomed by a crowd of vessels decorated with numberless American and French flags, blending the stars and stripes with the colors of his native land. The bands on board the fleet which escorted his vessel from Staten Island played the French air, "Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?"

Nothing could be more expressive than the description of LaFayette's reception by Headley, the historian: "As he touched the shore the thunder of cannon shook the city, old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms, and, 'Welcome, LaFayette,' waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till 'Welcome, welcome,' rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands. During the four days he remained in the city it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route the people rose to welcome him. He traveled every night till twelve o'clock, and watchfires were kept burning on the hilltops along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness they outshone the

torches that heralded him, while in the distance the pealing bells from every church spire announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy awaited him at Boston, and when he returned to New York the city was wilder than ever with excitement. In Castle Garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him—the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the center of which flashed the name of LaFayette. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers—huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues. As he entered this wilderness of beauty the bands struck up, ‘See, the conquering hero comes,’ and shouts shook the edifice to its foundation. He had scarcely taken his seat in the splendid marque prepared for his reception when the curtain before the gallery, in front of him, lifted—and there was a beautiful transparency representing LaGrange, with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, ‘This is his home.’ Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device, and as LaFayette’s eye fell upon it a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling. Thus the people received the ‘people’s friend.’ From New York he went to Albany and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson as he floated up the noble stream. After visiting other cities and receiving similar demonstrations of gratitude, he turned his steps toward Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of

Washington. The thunder of cannon announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that now lifeless chieftain move through the tumult of battle. Wishing no one to witness his emotions as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps and uncovered head he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living with the dead no one knows ; but when the aged veteran came forth again his face was covered with tears. He then took his son and secretary by the hand and led them into the vault. He could not speak—his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, then rising, threw themselves into LaFayette's arms and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper. Thence he went to Yorktown and then proceeded south, passed through all the principal cities to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi to Cincinnati and across to Pittsburg. Wherever he went the entire nation rose to do him homage. 'Honor to LaFayette,' 'Welcome to LaFayette, the nation's guest,' and such like exclamations had met him at every step. Flowers were strewed along his pathway, his carriage detached from the horses and drawn by the enthusiastic crowd along ranks of grateful freemen who rent the heavens with their acclamations. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

One of his last acts in this country was to lay the cornerstone of the Bunker-Hill monument. It was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies, and 'Long live LaFayette,' swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill."

During his stay he made a tour of nearly five thousand miles, and was welcomed by more than ten millions freemen. At Washington he was received by the House of Representatives and Senate, who voted him two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land in Florida, "in consideration of his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution." He received from the president, J. Q. Adams, a national farewell, and on the 8th of September, 1825, he sailed down the Potomac on board the frigate Brandywine, and off the coast of Virginia he beheld for the last time the shores of his adopted country. He was followed by the benedictions of twelve millions grateful hearts.

Gen. LaFayette was once more called into public life at the time of the revolution in France in 1830. He again received the command of the national guards, and was made Marshal of France, the highest military office in the kingdom. He resigned in December, and lived quietly the rest of his days. He died ten years after his visit to America, on the 20th of May, 1835, and left a name which will ever be venerated by the American people next to that of the honored and beloved Washington.

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